THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LV. REED, WICKERSHAM & CO., No. 726 Sansom Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1876. $2 00 a Year, in Advance. $3 50 with Mounted Chromo. No. 25.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS IN THE YEAR 1876 BY REED, WICKERSHAM & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.

MY WINTER FRIEND.

BY MRS. MARY B. KAIL.

Beautiful bird, with crimson wing,
Come to my window again to sing.
Sadly I've waited to hear your song:
Why did you stay away so long?
Welcome again to the lofty pine,
Beautiful bird of the winter time.

Goldfinch, lark, and robin, too,
Chanted their matins the summer through,
But when the wintry storms drew near,
And on the hilltops the winds were drear,
Softly they rustled their plumage bright,
And from my window they took their flight.

Frequently thus do the friendships prove,
Of friends whom we cherish, and fain would love.
Smiling upon us when skies are bright,
But turning away with the fading light,
Heedless alike of our sighs or tears,
Changing, alas! with the changing years.

Beautiful bird, though the clouds hang low,
And cold blows the wind o'er the drifting snow,
And my heart must a lonely vigil keep,
O'er the grave where my aspirations sleep,
Comfort and hope in your song you blend,
While Robin was only a "summer friend."

ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY!

BY

H. REBAK,

Author of "Bound by a Spell," "Humphrey Grunt's Will," "Doomed," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XX.

A SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

In accordance with a previous arrangement, which has been already referred to, James Armstrong and his wife had, upon their return from the marriage tour, taken up their residence for the summer months at the Hall. Sometimes, however, he remained in London from Monday morning until Saturday, and he never returned to Marney more than two evenings in the week. He pleaded an excuse for absence so unusual in a husband of a few weeks, that he was seeking a town residence.

After a time, he announced that he had taken one in the neighborhood of Highgate, and that it would require nearly all the time that his business left at his disposal to superintend the preparations attendant upon the fitting up and furnishing of his new abode. Mrs. Cleveland eagerly offered her services, which were very positively declined. Indeed, James had already cut his mother-in-law dead, and that worthy lady had already sounded preparations for war against her son-in-law—an encounter in which it was easy to see that she would be completely worsted.

Sir William's description of Harriet's altered appearance since her marriage was not at all exaggerated. It was apparent the first day she returned to the Hall. She avoided all society, even that of her sister; took solitary walks, or shut herself up in the apartments, which Sir William had assigned to herself and husband. Sophie made several efforts to win her confidence, and questioned her upon the cause of this sad change. Harriet answered coldly that there was none. It was only fancy. She was quite well both in health and spirits.

One day Sir William asked her plainly whether she had any cause for unhappiness.

"What cause should I have?" she asked, with a touch of irony in her tone. "I am married to a rich man. I have everything that money can buy. How can I be unhappy?"

"Such, I am aware, was the theory of Miss Harriet Cleveland; has Mrs. James Armstrong realized the correctness of it?" remarked Sir William, severely, for he was much annoyed at her tone and manner.

"There is an old proverb," she declared, a little haughtily, "'As you make your bed, you must lie upon it.' Whether my bed be hard or soft, I have made it, and I shall never complain."

"In that resolve you show your wisdom," replied her uncle, coldly.

So the conversation dropped, and was not again renewed.

As she answered all such questioning in much the same manner, she soon succeeded in silencing uncle, mother and sister.

There was nothing, however, in her husband's demeanor toward her which could lead the most observant person to suppose that he did not treat her with kindness and consideration. He made no parade of affection, but his manner was uniformly gentle and attentive—at least, when a third person was present; but they almost invariably kept to their own apartments, and seldom mingled with the other inmates of the Hall.

Early on the day after Andrew's love scene—which was Monday—James Armstrong announced to Sir William his intention of removing himself and wife to London that same afternoon.

"This afternoon!" exclaimed his host, in great surprise. "But this is very sudden! I was not aware that your house was nearly ready."

"It is quite ready—has been so for several days," replied James, "and I am anxious that Harriet should be settled down in her home before the winter comes on. Many thanks for your kind hospitality, Sir William; I trust I shall be able one day to testify my grateful remembrance of it."

SHE REMAINED SEATED BEFORE THE FIRE, NOW MUTTERING TO HERSELF, NOW WRINGING HER HANDS, AND ALL THE TIME CLOSELY WATCHED BY HER COMPANION

"I hope London may better agree with her health than Marney seems to have done," said the Baronet, drily.

"I always thought that Marney was very healthy," replied James, with disingenuousness.

"So did I; but when I look at Harriet, I alter my opinion. The change in her is not only physical but mental. Her absorbed manner, vacant expression, the manner in which she shuns all society, might almost lead one to suppose that her mind was affected."

At these words, James Armstrong started, and a curious expression came into his face.

"I tell you, Mr. Armstrong," continued Sir William, warmly, "that I regard the matter in a very serious light. It must be seen to without delay."

"You have, indeed, alarmed me, sir," James said, with a sudden alteration of manner. "Before four-and-twenty hours elapse, a physician shall be consulted upon her case. You must not suppose that I have been unobservant of the change that has taken place in her. It has caused me great uneasiness, and has hastened our departure for London, as I hope new scenes may correct this depression and restore her to her usual health. Your words, however, have given rise to a dreadful idea—one which, I can assure you, *never suggested itself to me before.*"

"Pray think no more of it; you misunderstand me," replied Sir William, hastily.

Somehow he felt terribly vexed with himself for those hasty words.

"Thank you, old gentleman, for your suggestion. It may be useful some day," was James Armstrong's muttered thought, as, after taking leave of his host, he quitted the apartment.

"How readily he seemed to take hold of my words," muttered Sir William, when he was alone. "What could possess me to utter them?"

* * * * * *

"And when shall I see you again, darling?" asked Sophie, as the two sisters were taking leave of each other in the drawing-room.

"I can't tell—soon, I hope. You must come and stay with me a few days soon."

"But how suddenly you are leaving us! I had no idea you were going away yet."

"Nor I."

"And I wished to have a long talk with you. I have something important to tell you," said Sophie, dropping her eyes, and playing with her sister's hand.

"Indeed! Can you not tell it to me now?"

Sophie hesitated for a moment, and then, with flushed cheeks, and, in low, faltering tones, said, "Andrew has proposed to me, and I have accepted him."

Harriet snatched away her hand.

"I wish you joy!" she answered, ironically.

"What do you mean, dear?" exclaimed Sophie, gazing at her sister in much amazement. "What have I done?"

"Proved yourself a most humble-minded young lady, in accepting what another woman has rejected," replied Harriet, scornfully.

"I do not understand you, Harriet," answered Sophie, with some spirit. "If you remember, it is not long ago since you urged such a choice upon me."

Harriet turned away without deigning a reply, and was about to leave the room; but before she had taken three steps, she suddenly ran back, and, throwing herself into Sophie's arms, sobbed, "Forgive me, darling! I don't know what I say. I am very wretched, and—very unhappy!" she added, with a deep moan.

"What is the matter, Harriet?" asked a voice.

The sisters started, and, looking up, saw James Armstrong standing near them. He had ascended the stairs and entered the room unheard and unnoticed, while they were locked in each other's embrace.

In an instant, Harriet had resumed her now ordinary manner. "I was only taking leave of my sister," she answered.

"And does that make you feel so very unhappy?" he asked, with a sneer.

Without a word, Harriet kissed her sister once more, and prepared to depart.

"Stay, dear; you have not given me your new address," said Sophie, delaying her.

"Will you give it to my sister?" asked Harriet, turning to her husband. "I do not know it myself yet."

"Oh, you will write to her to-morrow or next day, and then you can send it," he answered, evasively. "I do not know it exactly myself. Good-bye, Sophie," he added, holding out his hand.

With those last words of her sister's still ringing in her ears, it may be supposed that Sophie's adieux were not very cordial; she hesitated for an instant before she took the proffered hand; then, merely touching it with the tips of her fingers, she would have hurried away, had he not arrested her by a question. "Where is Andrew?" he asked.

"He left early this morning," she replied, blushing a little. "I think he has gone over to Reading upon important business for Sir William."

"Wish him good-bye for me; and," lowering his voice, "I wish you both joy!"

"I will give Andrew your message," she replied, growing very red, and putting an end to the conversation by quitting the room.

James and Harriet speedily quitted Marney, and were being driven on the road to Windsor.

So sudden was their departure, that time had not been allowed even for the packing of Harriet's wardrobe. Her maid was left behind for that purpose, and to bring on her mistress's boxes, and whatever else there was belonging to her at the Hall. With these, she was to proceed to Paddington next morning, by a certain train, where some one would meet her upon the platform and take her to her mistress's new home.

Although James had arrived at Marney early on Saturday evening, it was evident that he had not mentioned his intended removal to London before the last moment. Both Sir William and Sophie had been so taken aback by the suddenness of the movement, that they had no time to think upon its singularity until after the departure.

"Did Mr. Armstrong give you the address, uncle?" asked Sophie, as she and Sir William were dining together.

"No. Did not Harriet give it to you?"

"She seemed not to know it. When I asked her, she turned to her husband, and he replied my sister would send it me when she wrote."

"That is very strange!" said Sir William, laying down his knife and fork, with a troubled look upon his face.

"Very," answered Sophie; "and do you not think that, considering Mr. Armstrong has been here since Saturday evening, and must have been fully aware he intended to leave to-day, it is very strange he should not have mentioned it sooner?"

"Well, he is rather a strange character, you know," Sir William evasively rejoined, not wishing to add to the uneasiness which he could perceive his niece felt and in which he fully participated.

As soon as dinner was over, Sophie went to the apartments which had been lately occupied by her sister, where she found the maid just finishing the packing. "Susan," she said, "the moment you see my sister, tell her to write to me instantly, if it be only a line and her address."

The girl promised faithfully that she would do so.

CHAPTER XXI.

A DOMESTIC STORM.

About six o'clock on that same evening, a cab, with the inscription "Great Western Railway," upon its panels, stopped before Mr. Armstrong's house in Russell Square, out of which alighted Mr. and Mrs. James Armstrong.

"I thought we were going to our new home," said Harriet.

"So we are, my dear, but we dine here first," answered James, hurrying her up the steps.

They passed into the dining-room, where Mr. Armstrong was standing, with his back to the fire-place, evidently awaiting their arrival.

"Welcome to Russell Square, my dear daughter-in-law," he said, stepping forward with affected politeness, and taking her hand.

As he spoke, a servant girl presented herself at the door.

"Show Mrs. Armstrong to her room;" and with the same show of courtesy, he conducted her to the door.

Harriet paused for a second, and cast upon her husband a look of half inquiry.

"Make haste, my dear; dinner will be served in one minute, and I never wait a second for any one; such is the rule of the house," said Mr. Armstrong.

When Harriet returned to the room, dinner was upon the table. She looked agitated, distressed; she raised a spoonful of soup to her lips, then put it back untasted; it was the same with the fish and the joint; there was a choking sensation in her throat that prohibited her from swallowing.

At length the table was cleared, the servant quitted the room, and the trio were left alone.

"What is the meaning of this?" she burst forth. "The woman who attended me spoke of *my* rooms, of *my* wardrobe, of *my* bed. What does it all mean?—where is the house which you have taken—that you have been preparing for my reception?"

"It means that this is your future home," answered James, coolly.

"This!" she exclaimed, with unaffected indignation.

"And is it not good enough for your ladyship?" snarled Mr. Armstrong. "Is it not equal to your poverty-stricken cottage down in Hertfordshire, where your superannuated old father, and your scheming, husband-hunting mother, keep up their half-starved grandeur?"

"Silence, father," interrupted James, "let me speak."

"After I have said my say!" retorted his father, savagely. "I know what these half-starved gentry are, that turn up their noses at a man like me. Didn't I see her mother do it?—didn't I see her mother do it?—didn't I see that old strutting peacock, Marney, do it? But she sha'n't do it here!"

He trembled with passion. "Now listen to me, my lady! This is your home, and you'll have no other—make up your mind to that also. Conduct yourself properly, and you'll be comfortable enough; but don't show me any airs or graces, because I won't have it. And now I'll leave you with your husband, and let him impress the lesson upon your mind."

So saying, Mr. Armstrong, senior, shambled from the room, slamming the door violently behind him.

Motionless, as one paralyzed, Harriet sat listening to these vituperations. After the closing of the door there was silence for a time, which was first broken by James, who quietly said, "You were wrong, Harriet, to provoke my father as you have done; he is very sensitive upon such points as those."

"Why have you deceived me all this time about an imaginary house that was being prepared?" she asked bitterly.

"Because Sir William thought proper to demand that you should have a separate establishment; and you, under his instruction, made the same absurd condition, and I wished to avoid any unpleasantness at Marney."

"But you promised to observe that condition."

"I did, and at the time I intended to do so; circumstances have rendered it necessary that I should change my mind."

"No light reasons should be strong enough to induce a man of honor to forfeit his word," she answered, disdainfully.

"Then I am not a man of honor."

"You have proved that you are not," she replied, defiantly.

He bit his lip, and an unpleasant look came over his countenance.

"I will not remain beneath the same roof as your father," she urged, rising, and confronting her husband.

"Indeed! Where will you go?" he asked, with a sneer.

"If you do not choose to provide a separate establishment for me I will return to Marney."

"Do so, and I follow you thither and tell Sir William the whole story of our compact, of our plot, of the conditions upon which I offered you my hand."

She sat down in her seat again and covered her face with her hands.

Leaning across the back of a chair, he watched her for a moment with a smile of malignant pleasure; then, in his usual cold, hard accents, proceeded:

"It is now quite time, Harriet, that we understood each other for once and all. I thought we did before we were married, but I find I was mistaken. I fully explained my views of wedded life. I told you that my idea of a wife was not a pretty doll to bill and coo with, but a partner that would enter into all my ideas, and further all my schemes of advancement."

"And have I shown any disposition to recede from this matrimonial *bargain?*" she asked, bitterly.

"From the time that our espousal was settled upon you gradually changed—grew moody, sullen and discontented, and I began to discover how much I had been deceived by a mere weak-minded woman, who had not the strength of mind to reject the husband and fortune that might not offer again."

Harriet's frame quivered at this bitter insult, but suppressing by a violent effort any manifestations of wounded price, she answered him in as calm a tone as she could command, but of which every word was steeped in venom:

"I plead guilty to your charges. I was not content with *my bargain*, when I thought over it, and pride alone prevented me from setting it aside. You say that you were mistaken in me; I was mistaken in myself. I thought I had no heart, but conscience unbarred it. From the hour that your father's ill-omened form darkened the threshold of Marney, a blight fell upon all. Sir William felt distrust, and I began to repent of my *bargain*. Thereafter my uncle showed a concern, a tenderness for me, which, when I remembered the traitress I was, stung me to the soul. But I struggled against such feelings. I was pledged to a husband, and henceforth must sacrifice all to him. Under the influence of such feelings, I was moody and sullen, but when the final hour came, and I stood before the altar, I solemnly vow that I had steeled my heart against all the promptings of conscience, and was ready from that moment to devote myself wholly to you."

"And what induced you to change so heroic a resolution?" he sneered.

"You!" she answered, fiercely, her passion mastering her judgment. "From the instant we quitted Marney your manner towards me changed. It had never been that of a lover, yet it had at least been kind, considerate; but you had not been my husband an hour, when you began to teach me that I must not for the future expect even as much as that at your hands. At first I felt resentful at this, then I remembered how cold and sullen I had been myself, and for the first and *last* time my heart yearned to you. Almost unconsciously my head sank upon your shoulder, and I sought to take your hand."

Here her voice failed her for a moment, and when she resumed, the hot, scalding tears came.

"You repulsed me. From that hour your behavior has never varied, except when strangers have been present."

"I have paid you back in your own coin," he answered, brutally. "I had endured your humors before marriage, now you will have to endure mine."

"As a wife I was prepared to make amends for all."

"Besides," he continued, indifferently, "I discovered that you had no affection; you married only for money."

"It is false!" she answered. "There was a time when I had affection for you, independent of your money; it was you who first crushed it when you made bargains."

"Well, well, we have had quite enough of recrimination," he replied, impatiently. "The past is gone; all that we have to concern ourselves about now is the future. Yours is as you choose to make it. This is your home, and you will have no other."

And, with these words, he quitted the room and left her alone.

He joined his father in a small room, which the latter dignified by the name of his study, but which he used only as a smoking-room.

"Well, I hope you have given my lady a lesson that she will remember," said the old man, as he entered the room.

"I think we are beginning to understand one another," answered James, grimly, as he rang the bell.

A footman answered the summons.

"Tell Mrs. Armstrong's maid I wish to speak with her," he said.

"What's that for?" asked his father, quickly.

"Wait a moment, and you will see."

There was a gentle tap at the door, and at the words, "Come in!" the woman whom we have seen attending upon Harriet at the opening of the chapter entered, and, after curtseying, stood waiting for instructions.

"When I engaged you a few days ago, on the strength of the very high recommendations I received, I told you that your situation would be one of very great trust, and that if I found you all that I required, you would be liberally paid, even beyond the wages you agreed for."

"Yes, sir."

"You will find your mistress peculiar at times—passionate, fretful, complaining. You must not lose your temper; always be kind and respectful, win her confidence, and endeavor to please her, but, at the same time, you must carefully watch her. I do not ask you to play the part of a spy. She has strange ideas and impulses—*do you understand me?*"

"I think I do, sir," replied the woman.

"It would be very painful to me to have to speak plainly," he added, with deep meaning. "I think you understand me *now*."

"I do, sir," she answered, emphatically.

"Good. Have no fear—she is never violent. Here is something as an earnest of my future bounty. Now you can go."

He placed two sovereigns in her hand. She curtsied, thanked him, and left the room.

Mr. Armstrong, who had been listening and watching this scene with a puzzled expression of countenance, as soon as the door closed, asked:

"What is the meaning of all this, James?"

"What should you suppose to be the meaning of it were you placed in that woman's position?" asked his son, looking him fixedly in the face.

"Well, I should imagine that you were committing an insane person to my care."

"Oh, no; I have no intention of going *so far as that*. The person may be a little strange, eccentric, even deranged at times, but not insane *as yet*."

There was a silence of some seconds, during which father and son looked steadily at each other, trying to read each other's thoughts.

"But I cannot see your motive," began the old man.

"Then you must be very dull of comprehension."

"But this is a new idea."

"Quite; and was suggested by some chance words of Sir William's."

"Of Sir William's?"

"Yes. Listen!"

At that moment the footman entered, to announce that a person desired to see Mr. James.

"Who is it? What name?" demanded the young man, impatiently.

"It's the dumb man, sir," replied the servant.

"Ah! the very person I want. Show him in," cried James, eagerly.

And the next moment, the ill-omened figure, with its dark face and snaky, evil eyes, glided along the hall and into the room.

In the meantime, Harriet still remained seated in the dining-room, just as her husband had left her, like one turned to stone. Her head was fire, her heart ice; every faculty was benumbed—the power of thought paralyzed. She could not combine her ideas; she would scarcely have retained consciousness, had it not been for the burning, beating pulse that throbbed within her temples.

At length the maid entered, and asked her if she would not prefer retiring to her own apartments, upon which she rose and followed the woman mechanically. The apartments which had been assigned to Mr. James Armstrong and his wife were the drawing-room suite and a portion of the second floor.

"I have had a fire lit in your dressing-room, ma'am," said the maid. "I thought it would be cheerful."

"Thank you," murmured Harriet, sitting down in front of the fire and staring blankly at the blazing coal. "What position do you occupy in this house?" she asked, suddenly.

"Mr. Armstrong engaged me to be your maid, ma'am," replied the woman, watching her furtively, but keenly.

"Oh, no; that is a mistake. I have a maid, who will be here to-morrow morning," answered Harriet, quickly. I shall not require you after she arrives. Oh, how my head burns and throbs!" she moaned, pressing her temples.

"Will you let me bathe your forehead with a little eau de cologne, ma'am?" asked the woman, taking a bottle of that perfume from the toilet table.

Harriet made no reply, and passively suffered her brow to be laved with the refreshing liquid. This seemed to relieve her a little, and then her attendant suggested that she should retire to rest; but the pain assuaged, she remained seated before the fire, now muttering to herself; now wringing her hands, with a wild, excited look in her eyes, and all the time closely watched by her companion. She little thought of the pit she was unconsciously digging for herself.

Presently she complained of the room being insufferably warm.

"Shall I light the chandelier in the drawing-room, ma'am?" asked the maid.

"Yes, do so; I cannot remain here!" she answered, sharply.

The drawing-room was lit up, and she threw herself upon a sofa and gazed listlessly around the large apartment—at its dark, gloomy-papered walls, and its heavy, ugly, old-fashioned mahogany furniture.

"You need not wait," she said, turning to her maid.

"Very well, ma'am."

When she was gone, Harriet again began her restless walk, during which her footsteps led her to the open door; close beside it was another—that of James' smoking-room. In her listless, restless way, she turned the handle, opened it, and looked in. A gaslight was burning; half turned down; upon the table were pipes, cigar-boxes, and an open desk, upon which lay several photographs. As her eyes fell upon these, a sudden look of interest came into them; she took one up—it was the portrait of a very beautiful woman.

A sudden thought flashed upon her like lightning. This was evidently her husband's private room, for upon the table lay several envelopes addressed to him, and about the place were scattered many things that she recognized as belonging to him. These cartes, then, must also be his. Yes, here was the envelope they had come in, bearing the superscription "James Armstrong," with the photographer's name upon the seal. Who was this woman—a rival? It was because of this creature, then, that he treated her with this contemptuous indifference. It seemed as if she had never fully realized the bitterness and degradation of her position until now. As she stood beneath the gaslight, eagerly scanning the picture, imprinting every lineament upon her brain, a fierce, devouring passion, such as she had never felt before, was aroused in her heart.

Her husband's voice in the hall below aroused her from her contemplation. Quick as thought, she thrust the carte into her bosom, quitted the room, closing the door noiselessly behind her, and went back to her own apartment, where she found her attendant quietly seated by the fire.

"You can assist me to undress; I shall go to bed," she said, hurriedly. She dared not meet her husband that night, lest he should read in her looks that his secret was discovered. He must not know that yet. She must learn who this woman is; where she is; and then—ay, then, if vengeance is to be had, she will have it!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SCANDAL.—It was the saying of an old acquaintance of ours, when his attention was called to anything that had a smacking of scandal in it, "I have so much to do, that I cannot hear it. One-half my time is taken up with my own business, the other half with letting alone that of my neighbors." How many excellent opportunities of letting alone other people's business are slighted! and the world is troubled with the interference of people with what does not concern them. Neighborhoods are driven crazy by reports of idle or mischievous people, who watch for occasions of scandal, and lose no opportunity of making it public, regardless of its truth, or of the injury it inflicts upon the feelings of others. Gossip passes for fact, and surmise for history—and the nimble lie runs many a league while the truth is putting on its boots.

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

CHAPTER XXIX.

DREADING A DUEL.

Once more upon the house-top stand Carmen Montijo and Inez Alvarez. It is the morning of the day succeeding that made sacred by their betrothal. Their eyes are upon the huge war-ship, that holds the men who hold their hearts with promise of their hands—in short, every hope of their life's happiness. They could be happy now, but for an apprehension that oppresses them, causing them keen anxiety.

Yesterday, with its scenes of pleasurable excitement, had also its incidents of the opposite kind; the remembrance of which, too, vividly remains, and it is not to be got rid of. The encounter between the gamblers and their lovers cannot end with that episode to which they were themselves witness. Something more will surely come from it. What will this something be? What should it? What could it, but a *desafio*—a duel?

Thus gloomily reflects Carmen, imparting her fears to the less frightened Inez; though she too is not without some apprehension. If they but understood the "Code of Signals," all this misery would be spared them; for on the frigate's main-royal masthead floats a blue flag, with a white square in its centre, which is a portent that she will soon spread her sails, and glide off out of sight, carrying their *amantes* beyond all danger of duels or shore-scrapes of any kind.

They see the "Blue-Peter," but without knowing aught of its significance. They do not even try to interpret or think of it, their thoughts, as their eyes, being busy with the boats that pass between ship and shore. One at length arrests their attention, and keeps it for some fixed. A small craft, that leaving the ship, is steered direct for the town. It passes near enough for them to see that there are three men in it, two of them rowing, the other in the stern—the last is the uniform of an officer.

Love's glance is keen, and this, aided by an opera-glass, enables Inez Alvarez to identify the officer in the stern-sheets as her own Don Guilelmo. This does not alarm the ladies so much as if the steersman had been Crozier. But he is not. The other two, the oarsmen, are only sailors in blue serge shirts, with wide collars falling far back. For what the young officer is being rowed ashore they cannot guess. If for fighting, they know that another and older officer would be with him. Where is Eduardo?

While still conjecturing, the boat glides on towards the town, and is lost to their view behind some sand-hills inshore. Their glance going back to the ship, they perceive a change in her aspect. Her tall tapering masts, with their network of stays and shrouds, are half-hidden behind broad sheets of canvas.

The frigate is unfurling sail! They are surprised at this, not expecting it so soon. With the help of their glasses, they observe other movements going on aboard the war vessel: signal-flags running up and down their halyards; boats are being hoisted to the davits. While watching the manœuvres, the little craft which carries the midshipman again appears, shooting out from behind the sand-hills, and being rowed rapidly back to the ship, the young officer still in it. On reaching the great leviathan, for a short time it shows like a tiny spot along her water-line; but, soon after, it too is lifted aloft, and over the bulwark rail.

Ignorant as the young ladies may be of nautical matters, they can have no doubt as to what all this manœuvring means. The ship is about to sail! As this is an event which interests all the family, Don Gregorio, summoned to the house-top, soon stands beside them.

"She's going off, sure enough," he remarks, after sighting through one of the glasses. "It's rather strange—so abruptly!" he adds. "Our young friends said nothing about it last night."

"I think they could not have known of it themselves," says Carmen.

"I'm sure they couldn't," adds Inez.

"What makes you sure, *nina*?" asks Don Gregorio.

"Well—because"—stammers out the Andalusian, a flush starting into her cheeks—"because they'd have told us. They said they didn't expect to sail for a day or two, anyhow."

"Just so; but you see they're setting sail now—evidently intending to take departure. However, I fancy I can explain it. You remember they spoke of another war-ship they expected to arrive. Yonder it is! It came into port last night, and, in all likelihood, has brought orders for the Crusader to sail at once. I only wish it was the Condor! I shan't sleep soundly till we're safe away from ——"

"See!" interrupts Carmen; "is not that a sailor coming this way?" She points to a man, moving along the shore-road in the direction of the house.

"I think so," responds Don Gregorio, after a glance through the glass. "He appears to be in seamen's dress."

"Will he be coming here?"

"I shouldn't be surprised; probably with a message from our young friends. It may be the man they recommend to me."

"That's why somebody came ashore in the little boat," whispers Inez to her aunt. "We'll get *billetitas*. I was sure they wouldn't go away without leaving one last little word."

Inez' speech imparts no information; for Carmen has been surmising in the same strain. The aunt replies by one of those proverbs, in which the Spanish tongue is so rich: "*Silencio! hay Moros en la costa.*" (Silence! there are Moors on the coast.)

While this bit of by-play is being carried on, the sailor ascends the hill, and is seen entering at the road-gate. There can now be no uncertainty as to his calling. The blue jacket, broad shirt-collar, round-ribboned hat, and bell-bottomed trousers, are all the unmistakable toggery of a tar. Advancing up the avenue in a rolling gait, with an occasional tack from side to side—that almost fetches him up among the manzanitas—he at length reaches the front of the house. There stopping, and looking up to the roof, he salutes those upon it, by removing his hat, giving a back-scrape with his foot, and a pluck at one of his brow-locks.

"*Que quieres V., senor?*" "What is your business, sir?) asks the hacendo, speaking down to him.

Harry Blew—for it is he—replies by holding out a letter, at the same time saying: "Your honor, I've brought this for the master o' the house."

"I am he. Go in through that door you see below. I'll come down to you."

Don Gregorio descends the *escalera*, and meeting the messenger in the inner court, receives the letter addressed to him. Breaking it open, he reads:

ESTIMABLE SENOR — Circumstances have arisen that take us away from San Francisco sooner than we expected. The corvette that came into port last night brought orders for the Crusader to sail at once; though our destination is the same as already known to you—the Sandwich Islands. As the ship is about to weigh anchor, I have barely time to write a word for myself, and Mr. Cadwallader. We think it proper to make known these circumstances which will, no doubt, cause you surprise, as well as ourselves. Yesterday morning we met at your house two gentlemen—as courtesy would then have required me to call them—by name, Francisco de Lara and Faustino Calderon. We encountered them at a later hour of the day, when an occurrence took place, which absolved us from either thinking of them as gentlemen, or treating them as such. And still later, after leaving your hospitable roof, we, for the third time, came across the same two individuals, under circumstances showing them to be professional gamblers! In fact we found them to be the proprietors of a Monte bank in the notorious El Dorado, one of them engaged in dealing the cards! A spirit of fun, with perhaps a spice of mischief, led me into the play, and betting largely, I succeeded in breaking the bank. After that, for a short while we lost sight of them. But as we were making our way to the wharf, where our boat was to meet us, we had a fourth interview with the 'gentlemen,' who on this occasion appeared with two others in the character of *robbers* and *assassins!* That they did not succeed in either robbing or murdering us, is due to the brave fellow who will bear this letter to you—the sailor of whom I spoke. He can give you all the particulars of the last and latest encounter with these versatile individuals, who claim acquaintance with you. You may rely on his truthfulness. I have no time to say more.

Hoping to see you in Cadiz, please convey parting compliments to the senoritas — from Cadwallader and yours, faithfully, EDWARD CROZIER.

The letter makes a painful impression on the mind of Don Gregorio. Not that he is much surprised at the information regarding De Lara and Calderon. He has heard sinister reports concerning them, of late so loudly spoken that he had determined on forbidding them further intercourse with his family. That very day he had been displeased on learning of their ill-timed visit. And now he feels chagrin at something like a reproach conveyed by that expression in Crozier's letter, "These versatile individuals who claim your acquaintance." It hurts his hidalgo pride. Thrusting the epistle into his pocket, he questions its bearer, taking him to his private room, as also into his confidence. The sailor gives him a detailed account of the attempt at murder, so fortunately defeated; afterwards making known other matters relating to himself, and how he has taken service on the Chilian ship—Don Gregorio inquiring particularly about this.

Meanwhile the young ladies have descended from the azotea, and the exman-o'-war's man makes their acquaintance. They assist in showing him hospitality, loading him with pretty presents, and knick-knacks to be carried on board the Condor, to which they know he now belongs. As he is about to depart, they flutter around him, speaking pleasant words, as if they expected to get something in return—those billetitas. And yet, he goes away without leaving them a scrap. A pang of disappointment — almost chagrin — shoots through the soul of Carmen, as she sees him passing out of sight. And similarly afflicted is Inez; both reflecting alike.

Still they have hope; there may be something inclosed for them in that letter they saw Harry holding up. It seemed large enough to contain two separate notes. And if not these, there should at least be a postscrip with special reference to themselves. Daughters of Eve, they are not long before approaching the subject, and drawing Don Gregorio.

Yes; there is something said about them in the letter. He reads it: "*Parting compliments to the senoritas.*"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LAST LOOK.

"Up anchor!"

The order rings along the deck of the Crusader, and the men of the watch stand by the windlass to execute it.

That same morning, Crozier and Cadwallader, turning out of their cots, with surprise heard the order for sending up the Blue-Peter, as also that the ship was to weigh anchor by twelve o'clock noon. Of course, they were expecting it, but not so soon. However, the arrival of the corvette explains it, an officer from the latter vessel having already come on board the Crusader with despatches from the flag-ship of the Pacific squadron.

These contain orders for the frigate to set sail for the Sandwich Islands without any delay, the corvette to replace her on the San Francisco station. The despatch bearer has also brought a mail, and the Crusader's people get letters—home news, welcome to those who have been long away from their native land, for the frigate has been three years cruising in the South Sea.

Something more than mere news several of her officers receive. In large envelopes addressed to them, and bearing the British Admiralty seal, are documents of peculiar interest—commissions giving them promotion. Among the rest, one reaches Crozier, advancing him a step in rank. His ability as an officer has been reported at headquarters, as also his gallant conduct in having saved a sailor's life, rescued him from drowning—that sailor, Harry Blew. In all probability this has obtained him his promotion—but, whatever the cause, he will leave San Francisco a lieutenant.

There are few officers, naval or military, who would not feel favored and joyous at such an event in their lives. It has no such effect upon Edward Crozier. On the contrary, as the white canvas is being spread above his head, there is a black shadow upon his brow, while that of Cadwallader is also clouded. It is not from any regret at leaving California, but leaving it under circumstances that painfully impress them. The occurrences of the day before, but more those of the night, have revealed a state of things that suggest unpleasant reflections, especially to Crozier. He cannot cast out of his mind the sinister impression made upon it by the discovery that Don Francisco de Lara, his rival for the hand of Carmen Montijo, is no other than the notorious Frank Lara, of whom he had frequently heard—the keeper of a monte table in the saloon El Dorado! Now he knows it, and the knowledge afflicts him to the laceration of his heart. No wonder at the formality of that letter which he addresses to Don Gregorio, or the insinuation conveyed by it, nor strange the cold compliments with which it was concluded—far stranger had they been warm.

Among other unpleasant thoughts which the young officers have on being so soon summoned away, is that of leaving matters unsettled with Messieurs de Lara and Calderon. Not that they have any longer either design or desire to stand before such cut-throats in a duel, nor any shame in shunning it. Their last encounter with the scoundrels would absolve them from all stigma or disgrace in refusing to fight them, even were there time and opportunity.

So they need have no fear that their honor will suffer, or that any one will apply to them the opprobious epithet, *lache*. Indeed, they have not, and their only regret is at not being able to spend another hour in San Francisco, in order that they might look up the intending assassins, and give them into the custody of the police. But then that would lead to a difficulty that had better be avoided—the necessity of leaving their ship and staying to prosecute a criminal action in courts where the guilty criminal is quite as likely to be favored as the innocent prosecutor. It is not to be thought of, and long before the Crusader's anchor is lifted, they cease thinking of it.

Crozier's last act before leaving port is to write that letter to Don Gregorio; Cadwallader's to carry it ashore and deliver it to Harry Blew. Then, in less than twenty minutes after the midshipman regains footing on the frigate's deck, the order is issued for her sails to be sheeted home, the canvas hanging corrugated from her yards is drawn taut, the anchor hauled apeak, and the huge leviathan, obedient to her helm, held in strong hands, is brought round, with head towards the Golden Gate. The wind catches her spread sails, bellies them out, and in five minutes more, with the British flag floating proudly over her taffrail, she passes out of the harbor, leaving many a vessel behind, whose captains, for the want of a crew, bewail their inability to follow her.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A SOLEMN COMPACT.

A cottage of the old Californian kind—in other words, a *rancho*; one of the humblest of these humble dwellings—the homes of the Spanish-American poor. It is a mere hut, thatched with a species of sea-shore grass, the "broom-bent," seen growing in the *melanos* (sand-dunes) near by. For it is by the sea, or within sight of it; itself inconspicuous by reason of rugged rocks that cluster around and soar up behind, forming a background in keeping with the rude architectural style of the dwelling. From the land side it is approachable by devious and difficult paths, only known to a few intimate friends of its owner.

It is the day on which the Crusador sailed from San Francisco Bay, and Rafael Rocas is in his hut; not alone, but in the company of three men, in personal appearance altogether unlike himself. While he wears the common garb of a Californian fisherman—loose pea-coat of coarse canvas, rough water-boots, and seal-skin cap, they are attired in costly stuffs—cloaks of finest broadcloth, *jaquetas* of rich velvet, and *calzoneras*, laced with gold lace, and gleaming with constellations of buttons.

Two of the individuals thus oddly consorting are already well known to the reader, the third but slightly. The former are Francisco de Lara and Faustino Calderon; the latter is Don Manuel Diaz, famed for his fighting-cocks. The first two have just entered under Rocas' roof, finding the cock-fighter already there, as De Lara predicted.

After welcoming his newly-arrived guests in Spanish-American fashion, placing his house at their disposal—"*mia casa a la disposicion de Vms*"—the seal hunter has set before them a bottle of his best liquor, this being *aguardiente* of Tequila. They have taken off their outer apparel—cloaks and hats—and are seated around a small deal table, the only one the shanty contains—its furniture being of the most primitive kind.

Some conversation of a desultory nature has passed between them, and they have now entered on a subject more interesting and particular, the key-note having been struck by De Lara. He opens by asking a question:

"*Caballeros!* Do you want to be rich?"

All three laugh, while simultaneously answering:

"*Carramba!* Yes!"

Diaz adds, "I've heard many an idle interrogatory, but never, in all my life, one so superfluous as yours; not even when there's twenty to one offered against a staggering cock."

It was inquires, "What do ye call rich, Don Francisco?"

"Well," responds the monte-dealer, "say sixty thousand dollars. I suppose you'd consider that sufficient to bestow the title?"

"Certainly; not only the title, but the substantial and real thing. If I'd only the half of it, I would give up chasing seals."

"And I cock-fighting," put in Diaz; "that is, so far as to look to it for a living, though I might still fight a main for pastime's sake. With sixty thousand dollars at my back; I'd go for being a grand *ganadero*, like friend Faustino, here, whose horses and horned cattle yield him such a handsome income."

The other three laugh at this, since it is known to all of them that the *ganadero* has long since got rid of his horses and horned cattle.

"Well, gentlemen," says De Lara, after this bit of preliminary skirmishing, "I can promise each of you the sum I speak of, if you're willing to go in with me in a little affair I've fixed upon. Are you the men for it?"

"Now, Don Francisco, let's know what you're driving at," demands Diaz, adding, "Have you struck a *veta* or discovered a rich placer? If so, we're ready for either rock-mining or pan-washing, so long as the labor's not too hard. Speak out, and tell us what it is. The thought of clutching such a pretty prize makes a man impatient."

"Well, I'll let you into the secret so far—it *is a veta*—a grand gold mine—but one that will need neither rock-crushing nor mud-cradling. The gold has been already gathered, and lies in a certain place, all in a lump, only waiting transport to some other place, which we may select at our leisure."

"Your words sound well," remarks Don Manuel.

"Wonderful well," echoes Rocas.

"Are they not too good to be true?" asks Diaz.

"No. They're true as good. Not a bit of exaggeration, I assure you. The gold only waits to be got at, and then to be taken."

"Ah! there may be some difficulty about that?" rejoins the doubting Diaz.

"Do you expect to finger sixty thousand *pesos* without taking the trouble to stretch out your hand?"

"Oh, no! I'm not so unreasonable. For that, I'd be willing to stretch out both hands, with a knife in one and a pistol in the other."

"Well, it's not likely to need either, if skilfully managed. I ask you again, are you the men to go in for it?"

"I'm one," answers Diaz.

"And I another," growls Rocas, whose manner tells that he already knows what the monte-dealer means.

"I'm not going to say no," assents Calderon, glancing sympathetically at the questioner.

"Enough!" says De Lara, "so far as you consent to the partnership. But before entering fully into it, it will be necessary to have a more thorough understanding, as also a more formal one. Are you willing to be bound that there shall be truth between us?"

"We are!" is the simultaneous response of all there.

"And fidelity to the death?"

"To the death!"

"*Bueno!* But we must take an oath to that effect. After that, you shall know what it's for. Enough now to say it's a thing that needs swearing upon. If there's to be treason, there shall be perjury also. Are you ready to take the oath?"

They signify assent unanimously.

"To your feet, then!" commands the chief conspirator. "It will be more seemly to take it standing."

All four spring up from their chairs and stand facing the table. De Lara draws a dagger and lays it down before him. The others have their stilettos too—a weapon carried by most Spanish-Californians. Each exhibits his own, laying it beside that already on the table. With the four, De Lara forms a cross—Maltese fashion—and then, standing erect, Diaz opposite, Rocas and Calderon on either flank, he repeats, in a firm, solemn voice, the others after him:

"*In the deed we this day agree to do, acting together and jointly, we swear to be true to each other; to stand by one another, if need be, to the death; to keep what we do a secret from all the world; and if any one betray it, the other three swear to follow him wheresoever he may flee, seek him wheresoever he may shelter himself, and take vengeance upon him by taking his life. If any of us fail in this oath, may we be accursed ever after.*"

This infamous ceremony duly ratified, a drink of the fiery spirit of the mezcal plant is a fit finale; which quaffed, they take up their stilettos, replace them in their sheaths, and again sitting down, listen to De Lara, to learn from him the nature of that deed for which they have so solemnly compacted.

In a short time he makes it known in all its details, the disclosure calling for but a few words. It is, after all, but a common affair, though one that requires skill and courage. It is simply a "bit of burglary," but a big thing of its kind. He tells them of between two and three hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold-dust lying in a lone country house, with no other protection than that of its owner—a feeble old man, with some half-score of Indian domestics.

"How soon?" asks Diaz, after all has been declared. "I should say the sooner the better."

"You're right about that, Don Manuel," rejoins Rocas.

"True!" assents De Lara. "At the same time, caution must not be lost sight of. There's two of you know what danger we'd be in if we went near the town, or anywhere outside this snug little asylum of Senor Rocas, whose hospitality we may have to trench upon for some time. I don't know, Don Rafael, whether friend Rafael has told you of what happened last night?"

"He's given me a hint of it," gruffly replies the smuggler.

"Oh, yes," puts in Diaz; "I thought he might as well know."

"Of course," agrees De Lara. "In that case, then, I've only to add that there will be no safety for us in San Francisco so long as the English man-o'-war stays in port. He who broke our bank is rich enough to buy law, and can set its hounds on us by night as by day. Until he and his ship are gone —"

"The ship *is* gone," said Rocas, interrupting.

"Ha! What makes you say that?"

"Because I know it."

"How?"

"Simply by having seen her. Nothing like the eyes to give one assurance about anything—with a bit of glass to assist them. Through that thing up there"—he points to an old telescope resting on hooks against the wall—"I saw the English frigate beating out by the Farralones, when I was up on the cliff about an hour ago. I knew her from having seen her lying out in the bay. She's gone to sea, for sure."

"It's very strange," says De Lara. "I'd heard the Crusader was to sail soon, but not till another ship came to relieve her."

"That ship has come," returns Rocas—"a corvette. I saw her working up the coast last evening, just before sunset. She was making for the Gate, and must be inside now."

"If all this be true," says the chief conspirator, "we need lose no more time, but put on our masks, and bring the affair off at once. It's too late for doing anything to-night; but there's no reason why we shouldn't act to-morrow night, if it prove a dark one. We, four of us, will be strength enough for such a trifling affair. I thought of bringing Juan Lopez, our croupier; but I saw he wouldn't be needed. Besides, from the way he's been behaving lately, I've lost confidence in him. Another reason for leaving him out will be understood by all of you. In a matter of this kind, it isn't the more the merrier, though it is the fewer the better cheer. The yellow dust will divide bigger among four than five."

"It will," exclaims the cock-fighter with emphasis, showing his satisfaction at what De Lara has done. He adds: "To-morrow night, then, we are to act?"

"Yes, if it be a dark one. If not, it will be wiser to let things lie over for the next. A day can't make much difference; while the color of the night may. A moonlit sky, or a clear starry one, might get us all where we'd see stars without any being visible—with a rope round our necks."

"There will be no moon to-morrow night," puts in the smuggler, who, in this branch of his varied vocations, has been accustomed to take account of such things. "At least," he adds, "none that will do us any harm. The fog is sure to be on before midnight; at this time of year it always is. To-morrow night will be like the last—black as a pot of pitch."

"True," says De Lara, as a man of the sea, also having some slight meteorological knowledge. "No doubt, 'twill be as you say, Rocas. In that case, we have nothing to fear. We can have the job done, and be back here before morning. Ah! then seated round this table, we'll not be like we are now—poor as rats; but every one with his pile before him—sixty thousand *pesos*."

"*Carramba!*" exclaims Diaz, in a mocking tone. "While saying vespers to-night, let's put in a special prayer for to-morrow night to be what Rocas says it will—black as a pot of pitch!"

The profane suggestion is hailed with a burst of ribald laughter; after which they set about preparing the *mascaras*, and other disguises, to be used in their nefarious enterprise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACETIÆ.

TEACHER—"What is the definition of flirtation?"

Intelligent young pupil—"It is attention without intention."

"WAS the crowd tumultuous?" inquired one man of another who had just come from a mass meeting.

"Too multuous! oh, no; just about multuous enough to comfortably fill the hall."

"WHAT is the matter, sir?" said a surgeon to his patient. "Well, I have eaten some oysters, and I suppose they have disagreed with me?" "Have you eaten anything else?" "Well, no—why, yes I did too—that is, I took for my tea a mince pie, four bottles of ale, and two glasses of gin, and I have eaten the oysters since, and I really believe the oysters were not good for me."

"MARY, I do not approve of your entertaining your sweetheart in the kitchen," said a lady to her servant.

"Well, ma'am, it's very kind o' you to mention it; but he's from the country, you see, ma'am, and I'm afraid he's too shy and orkard in his manners, ma'am, for you to like him to come up stairs," replied Mary.

SPEAKE had a rich but vulgar old uncle of his wife's, from whom he has expectations, to dinner the other day. During a pause in the conversation the *enfant terrible* of the family, after watching the guest intently, said, earnestly,

"I wish I was you."

"So you, my little boy? And why do you wish you were me?"

"Because you don't get sent out of the room when you eat with your knife."

THE bureau of statistics of the Detroit *Free Press* estimates that "there have been but 128,360 newspaper slurs at pull-back dresses, up to date." These figures are large, and it is no wonder they inspired the poet to the utterance of these burning words:

Oh, let poor woman's clothes alone;
They're none of your concern;
She never makes no fun of your'n,
Then, why poke fun at her'n?

THE other day, a Vicksburg father gently said:

"Don't stuff victuals into your mouth that way, my son; George Washington didn't eat after that fashion."

The boy, after pondering for awhile, remarked to himself: "And I don't believe George Washington licked his boy for finding a bottle of whisky in the shed when he was hunting after horse-shoe, either!"

"THE pass-word is 'Saxe'—now don't forget it, Pat," said the colonel, just before the battle of Fontenoy, at which Saxe was marshal.

"Sacks! Faith and I will not. Wasn't my father a miller?"

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after the Irishman had arrived at his post.

Pat was as wise as an owl, and, in a sort of whispered howl, replied,

"Bugs, yer honor!"

ALL WELL.—A resident who reached Detroit by a noon train yesterday, after an absence of two weeks, was met at the depot by his eight-year old son, who loudly welcomed him.

"And is everybody well, Willie?" asked the father.

"The wellest kind," replied the boy.

"And nothing has happened?"

"Nothing at all. I've been good, Jennie's been good, and I never saw ma behave herself so well as she has this time."

FORETHOUGHT.—Yesterday, as we were passing a street beyond the Atlanta Medical College, and on which a number of negroes reside, we heard an old negro calling out to his wife:

"Manda! Is you got dem chickins coral'ed in de smoke-house like I told yer?"

"No! an' I like ter know whar's de matter wid you, dat you's so tickler 'bout dem chickins all at once!" she replied.

"Nebber you mind! I knows whar's de matter, and dat's nuff. Till dem chickins is housed! When I hears dat dem niggers ober dar in the next yard is gwine to hab a party to-morrow night, I wants to be shore dat my chickins doesn't tend it, you hear me?"

The chickens were at once locked up.—*Exchange.*

A WOMAN'S love is ever uppermost in her mind. Sleeping, it fills her dreams; on waking it is her first thought; in the moment of life's imminent danger, still it is the uppermost sentiment, especially if the object of her love is her umbrella. For instance, a lady, fat, fair and forty had a narrow escape from being killed at Carlisle. She fell over the platform while the train was coming in, and was discovered lying on her back with the fore foot under the engine, when she was extricated from her perilous position uninjured, notwithstanding she had been dragged several yards by the engine, a bar at the bottom of which she had firmly grasped with both hands. Upon being lifted upon the platform again her first words were,

"Where is my umbrella?"

THEY were standing in front of her gate, having just returned from a dance. His right arm was occupied in holding her up, while his shoulder furnished a resting place for her little head. And they were watching the bright and glorious moon. It was the same old moon which had looked down on so many similar scenes, but somehow it had a different appearance to-night. It influenced the young man to such a degree that he said:

"With what refulgence does bright Luna shed her rays upon all inanimate creation, weaving weird, fantastic shadows among the leafless trees, and spreading a silver glory over all. Do you observe the magnificent effect, Mamie?"

"Yes, indeed, Henry," she returned; "and did you see that Jen Clemens at the dance? She had on her last Winter's dress, made over; and she's worn that blue waist ever since I can remember. I never saw such a looking thing!" Henry gasped.—*Rockland Courier.*

AN UPBRAIDING KING.—The French King Louis XIV., at one period of his reign, in addition to his other accomplishments, undertook to make verses, received from two of the literary men of the day instructions as to the best method for succeeding therein.

He made one day a little madrigal which even he himself did not think any too good of its kind, and then said to the Marechal de Grammont:

"Marechal, I beg of you to be good enough to read this little madrigal, and see if you ever saw a more miserable affair, because people have lately learned that I am fond of verses, and they bring them to me of all kinds."

The Marechal, after having read them, said to the King:

"Sire, Your Majesty judges divinely well of every thing. It is true that this is the silliest and most ridiculous madriga that I ever read."

The King began to laugh, and said to him:

"Is it not true that the one who made it must have been a great coxcomb?"

"Sire, it is impossible to give him any other name."

"Oh, well," said the King, "I am delighted that you have spoken so honestly to me about it, for I am the one who made it."

"Ah! Sire, what treachery! Let Your Majesty give it back to me, for I read it carelessly and in a hurry."

"No, M. le Marechal; first sentiments are always the most natural."

The King laughed a great deal at this little joke, and every one was of the opinion that it was the most cruel thing that could be done to an old courtier.

OUR WESTERN BORDER

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

BY CHAS. McKNIGHT.

Author of Old Fort Duquesne and Simon Girty.

This book, just published by J. C. McCurdy & Co., of this city, is one that has long been needed.

We can not review it better than by giving our readers some extracts and quoting from the author's preface:

"We aim to exhibit to the present generation, a faithful and reliable portraiture of Western Frontier Life and Struggles. We confine ourselves chiefly to what may fitly be called the Heroic Age of the Border, embraced between Dunmore's War of 1774 and the Battle of Fallen Timbers, in 1794, when the power of the Western Confederation was forever crushed, and its coherence utterly destroyed by "Mad Anthony Wayne." Never since, or even including, the feudal times of the Robber Barons of Germany, or of the Moss Troopers of Scotland, has that stormy and turbulent period been excelled for deeds of personal prowess and of dauntless, unrecking courage."

The book is written and compiled with Mr. McKnight's usual care, and may be regarded as the most reliable history of this period extant.

It contains the cream of all the rare old border chronicles, that have long been out of print, and a large amount of fresh and original matter.

We make the following extract from the book, and shall probably give some more. Major Stobo had been given to the French as a hostage for the return of prisoners, and had been taken from Fort Duquesne to Quebec, where, by his good behavior and popularity, he was allowed too much liberty, as will be seen.

MAJOR STOBO'S ESCAPE FROM QUEBEC AND DARING ADVENTURES.

No sooner out of town than he quickened his pace and made his way to a little windmill on the river, which was fixed as the rendezvous for the whole escaping party. He found them all there, with guns, ammunition and provisions. March was the word, and Stobo, as leader of this gallant little band of five, moved along the river for a couple of miles in hope to find some vessel by which to escape.

At length they came across a large birch canoe, which they carried to the water, and all safely embarked. With nimble hands they plied the paddles, and flew down the strong current of the St. Lawrence. By daylight Quebec was left far behind; and they sought the protection of the woods, carrying their canoe with them. As before, the Major's flight was early discovered. The whole house was in a terrible uproar. The Governor hears of it, and is moved to a terrible wrath. The old reward is offered, and thousands ransack the woods for the fugitives.

This time in vain! The little party lay by quietly all day, but soon as night came on they launch again their frail bark upon the current, and paddle away like all possessed. By daylight they were, with their staunch canoe, in the woods again. This was their life for ten long days and chilling nights, until they had gotten a long distance below the city, and the river had grown as broad as a firth. Latterly they had taken the risk of hunting game, and encamped by day in order to save their stock of provisions, which was getting low.

On the eleventh night they paddled out into the middle of the broad river, but soon encountered a violent storm. The waves broke over them. The canoe filled with water, and they tried in vain to make the shore, but passed the night, tossed like a cork upon the waters, and only saved from wreck by unintermitting bailing. A piercing cold now set in, freezing their drenched clothes to their backs. By morning they succeeded in again reaching shore, but in a most sorry plight. Their frozen garments rattled like coats of mail; scarce one could lift a limb, and a mother and children, who formed part of their crew, were almost dead. The steel and flint were found wherewith to build a fire, but the tinder was too wet to catch.

At length the poor mother sought in her bosom and found a dry rag; a fire was built, and a couple of days more are spent drying and thawing out. The boat was again trusted to the waves, and by morning had reached a little bay, on whose shores they debarked, the two marksmen going out for game. They soon ran back, frightened by the appearance of two armed savages.

Stobo reassured them, and demanded to be led to a sight of them, thinking that if they were scouts for a larger party, it might be necessary to cut them off. They soon came upon the two unsuspecting savages, when Stobo broke out into a French cantata, and saluting the savages in French, seized the gun of one, while Stevenson grappled him and Clarke the other. Stobo then said they were Frenchmen, but in search of English prisoners who had escaped, and that he must be sure who they were. They were much alarmed, and offered to lead the way to their tent and to the fire, of which they were the guardians, so that the whole country might be alarmed at the advance up the river of any hostile British fleet. These fires, they said, were placed at regular distances from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Quebec, so that news could be speedily carried of any hostile invasion.

The wigwam was found full of furs, wild duck and maple sugar, and the Major's party began to rifle it. The Indians now realized their mistake, and the one Stevenson held gave a backward spring and set up a dreadful yell. To prevent any further noise, Stevenson had to shoot his man, and his comrade was soon made to share his fate.

The camp again reached, Stobo thought it was imprudent to leave the bodies unburied, and sent back Clarke and another to inter them, which they did by fastening a heavy stone to the feet of each, and, having carefully removed the scalps, shoving them into a deep, black pool of water. Their poor, faithful dog, which sat howling on the margin of the pool, was also shot.

They now saw out in the river a fleet of French transports, with a convoy, ferrying their slow way up to Quebec. One ship in the rear, judged, by her size, to be the commodore of the fleet, was lying to. Stobo concluded that she had seen their smoke and had sent her boat ashore to learn the meaning of it. The fire, therefore, was put out, and the canoe and baggage moved off into the woods, and then a round-about course taken to the river again. They now espied a large four-oared batteau rowing for the shore and no ship in view.

"Courage, my lads!" cried the fearless Stobo. "I hope, by your assistance and God's blessing on our arms, this prize shall be our own; these men our prisoners, too, and they shall lessen your fatigue and row for us; observe but what I order, and leave the rest to me."

Stobo's party now lay closely concealed among some rocks while the boat's crew pulled briskly in. Scarce had the prow bumped the beach when a volley was sent in among them, by which two were wounded. The astonished Frenchmen at once cried out for quarter. The Major and his companions rushed down from the rocks and ordered out the whole five.

A reverend old gentleman, who was steering, stepped out with a polite bow of submission, and very naturally asked whose prisoner he was. To this the Major answered in French: "We are British subjects, and, by the fortunes of the war which now does rage betwixt that country's mighty King and France, we have been prisoners in Canada, but now," etc., telling them that they and their boat must aid their escape.

To this the old Frenchman said he had been a long distance down the river, and was returning with his boat laden with wheat; that he was the Chevalier La Durante, and sole owner of the Camaraski Isles, the first gentlemen of them all doing him vassalage; that the best blood of Canada ran in his veins, as he was kin to the great Duke de Mirepoix and other prominent nobles, and that, in addition to all this, he was old and feeble, and therefore should well be excused from being compelled to row his enemies.

To all which, in brief, the Major answered that self-preservation was the first law of nature, and that if he were King Louis himself, and each of his crew a peer of the realm, he would have to row now British subjects. This ended the matter. As the shallop was too deep-laden for expedition, much of the wheat was cast out, and, all hands embarking, the boat left the shore, the faithful canoe dragging astern. Thus doubly manned, they could relieve the oars as well as attend the sail, which was now set to a favoring gale, and away they sped again down the St. Lawrence. Finding the canoe impeding the shallop's speed, it was cut loose and turned adrift.

To lie by in the day was now impossible, neither did the Major like much to trust his prisoners ashore. About noon they noted a lofty frigate, which had been convoy to the fleet of transports. This sudden and dreadful apparition gave no small alarm, but since they could not stand a fight, a run was resolved upon. So the Major took the tiller and swore that the first man who offered to impede the boat's way should die in the instant, and ordered all to pull hard and to spread the sail, so as to pass the frigate's stern.

The usual signal to heave to came from the frigate, but our party paid it no attention; a second followed, which was likewise disregarded. The third report came accompanied by a shot which whizzed over their heads, uncomfortably near. Then followed shot after shot, as long as the boat was in sight. Rejoicing at their lucky escape, the boat flew along, continuing on its course all night. The old Chevalier's remonstrance at the hardships and indignities he was compelled to undergo, passed unheeded.

"Il est fortune de guerre, Monsieur," was all the reply vouchsafed by the Major.

Days sped on. Capes, islands and mountains were passed, one by one, but fortunately no sail was met. At length a boat was found upon the beach, when Stobo promised to the Chevalier that he would let him go if he would promise for him and his party that he would keep secret what had transpired till the Camaraski Isles should be passed; after that he did not care. The Chevalier readily promised.

"Then, Monsieur," replied the Major, loftily, "your mast and sail are ours. Our case is desperate, but I'll pay you for them. Here, too, is money for your lost wheat. Go tell all Canada how good the British monarch is! One only favor I ask. When you reach Quebec, pray wait on the Commandant with Monsieur Stobo's compliments, and let him know you saw him thus far on the St. Lawrence."

All things being ready, the two parties took separate ways. Stobo's boat continued along all night. With the morning they espied abreast of them a ship at anchor, and heard the signal to heave to. This they declined, when a swivel, loaded with grape, opened fire and after that another, completely riddling their sail but doing no further damage. On they pushed all that day and the next, but after that they were not quite so fortunate. Towards evening a dreadful storm arose.

At the point they now were, the St. Lawrence was very broad, and the waves ran as high as upon the ocean, while the surf was quite as loud and dangerous. To beach the boat, however, is the only salvation for them, and straight to shore they let her drive. Near the shore, she came upon a rock with a dreadful shock, bursting open the boat's bows and filling her with water. The waves break over them and all hands, taking with them what they could, make for shore. The boat was completely demolished. Soaking as they were, a wet and dreary night was passed!

Next morning a sober council was held. All other methods of escape except by water are declared impossible, and so the boat's wreck is hauled ashore, and all, under the direction of Clarke the ship carpenter, set to work to make it sea-worthy again. With wistful search they scan the shore for nails, pieces of board and what not, to piece the old hulk up. Some eight or ten days are spent in this tedious and disheartening work, and the stock of provisions was, too, getting fearfully low. At length the boat was ready for the first pitch and oakum, carefully gathered from sticks found along many miles of shore. Stockings, handkerchiefs and other articles of dress were used to stuff the joints, and at last the frail cutter was ready for launching.

Just as this interesting ceremony was about to be performed, two sails are seen standing down the river, and finally their anchors are dropped right off the point where the crazy vessel sat upon the stocks. Here was a strange dilemma! All labor stops at once! Down squat the men! The sails of the strange vessels are all pulled down, in preparation for riding out the flood tide.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE STRATEGY OF A QUAKER CAPTAIN.

Early in the summer of 1754 the good ship Grampus left the harbor of Nantucket, bound for London, with a cargo of oil. She was a new ship, built after the most improved models, staunch and trim, and for those days, of great speed. Her owner, Jethro Coffin, a near relative of the English Admiral of that name, was on board; and she was commanded by Seth Macy, a friend and companion of Jethro's from boyhood. These two men, as well as most of the crew, were Quakers. But the greater part of Seth's life had been spent on the high seas, and his experience in ill-governed Spanish ports, and among savage islanders had taught him that though non-resistance did very well on Nantucket, it was neither a safe nor easy road to travel anywhere else; and while the Grampus was loading for her voyage he had urged Jethro to arm her with four six-pounders; for England was at that time at war with France, and of course the colonies were dragged into it also. But Jethro, true to his principles, rejected the proposal with righteous indignation, and they set sail, much to Seth's disgust, armed only with lances and harpoons for warfare with whales, in search of which they were to proceed, after disposing of their cargo in London.

They had accomplished about two-thirds of their voyage, and the ship being under easy sail, some of the men were lounging about the deck, and some were gathered on the forecastle listening to a yarn from a man-of-war's-man who had been in the English navy.

"Forward there!" shouted the first mate, who had been sweeping the horizon with his glass.

"Ay, ay!" answered the men readily; and the marvelous story was cut short.

"Jump aloft one of you who has good eyes," continued he, "and tell me what you make out of that craft with such raking masts, on our weather bow!"

"Ay, ay," and several men sprang aloft.

"Main-top-gallant, there!" hailed the mate.

"Ay, ay," replied the man with the glass. (These Quakers did not use the affix, sir, in addressing their officers, every man, high or low, was called by his given name, and titles of all kinds were eschewed from religious principle.)

"What sort of a craft is to windward, and how is she standing?" cried the mate.

"It is a small black schooner, all legs and arms," replied the sailor; "and she is bearing down for us under a press of sail! Now she runs up a flag, and by the flash and smoke she spits, she has just fired a gun."

A dull, heavy report came booming on the breeze, and a thundering sound echoed against the ship's side. The mate's glass was bent upon the schooner whose hull was not yet visible, but the flag was found to be French.

"Steward! call the captain!" cried the mate in alarm. "Forward there! call all hands on deck—stand by to put the ship about!"

"Ay, ay," responded the well-trained sailors, and every man stood at his post ready for prompt action.

Both Macy and Coffin appeared upon deck, wondering at being sent for, and surprised to find every man ready for the word of command to change the course of the ship.

"What does this mean?" asked the captain, "why dost thou change the ship's course?"

"I don't intend to without thy orders," said the mate, "but I thought best to have everything ready for prompt manœuvering. We have a suspicious-looking sail on our weather-bow, and she shows French colors. By the rake of her masts and her general rig, I think she's a clipper, with a long-tom amidships; she has given us a gun already."

"Rather a dangerous neighbor for us," said the captain, "and I think she will prove one of those piratical rascals that cut up the commerce of these seas; but keep the ship away," continued he, raising his glass again, "and see if she follows us."

Away went the Grampus, with a free wind, and the rush of a racehorse, turning the spray from her bows handsomely, on her altered course. The Frenchman changed also, and gained steadily upon her. The ship was deeply laden with oil, and would be a prize of great value, and, as Seth thought, was eminently worth preserving, though the Frenchman was determined she should change owners.

They managed their little craft with great skill, altering their course with Macy's, and gaining all the time. The breeze was only brisk, but it just suited the schooner, while the ladened ship, though the fleetest of her class, couldn't show her heels to advantage without a stronger wind. Macy tried her on every tack, but escape he could not, the wedge-like schooner gained upon him at every turn.

"Now I would give half our cargo for a few guns to speak to that saucy rascal in his own language," said Macy, turning bitterly to Jethro. "Now is the time for those six-pounders I urged thee about before we left port; I fear thou will pay dearly for not taking my advice. Ah! there comes salute number two."

A gun was again fired by the Frenchman across the brow of the Grampus, warning her to heave to. Macy paced the deck in an agony of spirit, muttering words as he went that sounded much like oaths.

He ordered the Grampus to be off two or three points, and a foretopmast studding sail set, but, in the hurry of the movement, by some mishap the tack got unrove. A couple of hands were ordered aloft to rig in the boom and reeve in the tack anew.

Isaac Coffin, son of Jethro, who had smuggled himself on board against his father's express orders, and who had hardly made his peace with him yet, heard the orders, and seizing the end of the rope with his teeth, ran up the fore-shrouds, crept out on the top of the fore-yard like a monkey, and then out on the bare boom. But before he had half done his task, the Frenchman brought their long tom, charged with small shot, to bear upon the yard, and let fly at Isaac, thinking, probably, the additional sail might enable the Grampus to escape. Young Coffin was unharmed, though the balls whistled about him like hail, and he went fearlessly on with his work.

"They are charging the gun again!" shouted Jethro. "Come down, my boy! Creep in! creep in! Catch the halliards and come down with a run!"

"Ay, ay!" cried Isaac, as he finished reeving the tack; and gathering a few fathoms in his hand, threw the coil down on the forecastle, and the men then hoisted the sail instantly. The Frenchman aimed his gun again, but Isaac was descending like a flash, and as he reached the deck the sailors fairly hugged him in their joy and admiration of his bravery.

The hasty strides of Seth were again arrested by another shot which passed through the sail over his head. He clenched his hands and looked up at the torn sail.

"By heavens!" said he, "I will not part with so fine a ship and cargo without a deadly struggle."

"Swear not!" said Jethro, "it will not help us in our strait. We had better yield quietly to the necessity. Put down thy helm, Seth, and bring the ship to."

"Yield quietly, didst thou say? Did I understand thee aright when thou bid me bring the ship to?" The eyes of Seth glared upon Jethro, and his nostrils distended like a bull at bay.

"Put down the helm, indeed! Jethro Coffin! who is commander of the Grampus, thou or I?" demanded Macy, in a heat of passion.

Jethro answered calmly, "*Thou* surely art her captain. Save the ship if thou canst, *but thou canst not.* We have no means of defense, and if we had it would not be justifiable to oppose with arms."

"Jethro, I will save this ship or sink in her. What! yield to that little gadfly—a gallnipper that is scarcely larger than our longboat!"

Another shot, better directed, splintered the mainmast a little, and wounded two men.

"There, Jethro! that is some of the tender mercy of the French pirate—a foretaste of what we may expect if taken."

"Yield, Seth! the longer thou delay, the more hazard to the lives of our people. Yield, he is a man of war!"

"Go thou below, Jethro! I command here! Yield, indeed!" he muttered, as Jethro began to descend. "I will sink first!"

"Stand by there, men!" he shouted, in a voice which made every sailor start. It was evident that Seth had put off the Quaker, and the men responded heartily to it. "Get the long boat ready to be launched at a moment's warning: clear away the quarter boats and see all clear to lower them in an instant. Mate, take in all the small sail at once."

Macy's voice and manner were resolute and peremptory, and the men executed the orders promptly, and were ready for the next, though wondering what the captain meant to do. The Frenchman was also at fault, taking the manœuvering of Seth for an intention to give up the ship, and hove the schooner to, and waited the lowering of a boat from the Grampus. In rounding to, as Seth had calculated, the Frenchman had given the advantage of the wind to the ship, and while his men stood agape at the management of the larger vessel which they looked upon as a prize, Seth seized the helm in his brawny hand. The men scarcely needed the word, but anticipated his intention as he put the helm hard up, and in a suppressed, but concentrated voice, which was heard distinctly from stem to stern, he said: "Let go all the braces and bowlines, slack off sheet and tacks, and square the yards, *quick!*"

It was done in a twinkling, and Macy shaped his course as though he would bring his ship under the lee quarter of the privateer. This feint completely deceived the enemy, when Seth suddenly changed her course, and brought her head to bear directly upon the hull of the Frenchman. Her crew discovered now, but too late, the design of the Grampus, and dire confusion ensued upon her crowded decks.

"If thou dost intend to run her down," said Jethro to Seth, hurriedly, projecting his head for a moment from the cabin gangway, "if—nay, hear me, Seth; for the sake of humanity, if thou art determined to run her down, ease thy helm a little and give them a chance for their lives."

"Stand by to lower the boats," thundered Seth, stamping furiously upon the deck. A groan of horror escaped his own crew, for not till this moment had they really seen the design of their captain; but the swarthiest cheek grew a shade paler, but it was for their own lives, and they knew it. The schooner lay-to in the trough of the sea, her decks covered with confusion, and the huge bulk of the Grampus poising on the last high wave above her.

"*Misericorde!*" A wild yell of despair, heard far above the dashing of the ship and rushing of the waters, burst from the doomed Frenchman. An instant—and down came the Grampus, foaming and thundering upon the privateer, her plunging bow, striking her just amidships, cut the small vessel directly in two, and her heavy armament, together with the tremendous force of the severing blow, sent her beneath the waves to rise no more, and her ill-fated crew, of one hundred and fifty souls, went under with her; a few struggled a moment in the mighty vortex, but were soon carried down, and the next wave effaced every bubble of that mass of human life, so terribly and instantly quenched.

"Down with the boats from the quarter! Launch the long boat!"

The command, though it could not have been uttered or executed sooner with safety, came too late. The aim of Seth had been too fatally sure. His own boat narrowly escaped being sucked into the whirlpool made by the sinking schooner, and not one of the Frenchman's crew rose in the eddies or again saw the face of day.

Seth entered the cabin, and walking up to Jethro, said: "The Grampus *is saved*, but it had been less costly if *thou* had been wiser at Nantucket. Hereafter, in times like these, arm thy ships; the best way to be at peace is to show thyself ready for war!"

Bowing his head upon his hand, Jethro answered nothing.

—From the Berkshire Eagle.

"EAT YOUR BROWN BREAD FIRST."—It is a plain but faithful saying, "Eat your brown bread first;" nor is there a better rule for a young man's outset in the world. While you live single, you may live within as narrow limits as you please; and it is then you must begin to save, in order to be preserved for the more enlarged expenses of your future family. Besides, a plain, frugal life is then supported most cheerfully; it is your own choice, and it is to be justified on the best and most honest principles in the world, and you have nobody's pride to struggle with or appetites to master but your own. As you advance in life and success, it will be expected you should give yourself greater indulgence, and you may then do it safely.

THE DEACON'S SINGING-SCHOOL.

"I am going out to see if I can start a singing-school," said the good man, as he stood buttoning up his overcoat and muffling up his ears one bitter cold night last winter.

"A singing-school!" said his wife; "how will you do that?"

"I have heard of a widow around the corner a block or two who is in suffering circumstances. She has five little children, and two of them down sick, and has neither fire nor food. Sh Bennie Hope, the office-boy, tells me. I thought I would just step around and look into the case."

"Go by all means," said his wife, "and lose no time. If they are in such need we can relieve them some. But I can't see what all this has to do with starting a singing-school. But never mind, you need not stop to tell me now; go quickly, and do all you can for the poor woman."

Out into the piercing cold of the wintry night went the husband, while the wife turned to the fireside and her sleeping babes, who, in their warm cribs, with the glow of health upon their cheeks, showed that they knew nothing of cold or pinching want. With a thankful spirit she thought of her blessings as she sat down to her little pile of mending. Very busily and quietly she worked, puzzling all the time over what her husband could have meant by starting a singing-school. A singing-school and the widow! How queer! What possible connection could they have?

At last she grew tired of the puzzling thought and said to herself: "I won't bother myself thinking about it any more. He will tell me all about it when he comes home. I only hope we may be able to help the widow and make her poor 'heart sing for joy.' There!" she exclaimed, "can that be what he meant? The widow's heart singing for joy! Wouldn't that be a singing-school? It must be; it is just like John. How funny that I should find it out!"—and she laughed merrily at her lucky guess. Taking up her work again she stitched away with a happy smile on her face as she thought over again her husband's words and followed him in imagination in his kind ministrations. By and by two shining tears dropped down, tears of pure joy, drawn from the deep wells of her love for her husband, of whom she thought she never felt so fond before. At the first sound of footsteps she sprang to open the door.

"Oh, John, did you start the singing-school?"

"I reckon I did," said the husband, as soon as he could loose his wrapping; "but I want you to hunt up some flannels and things to help keep it up."

"Oh, yes! I will; I know now what you mean. I have thought it all out. Making the widow's heart sing for joy is your singing-school. What a precious work, John! 'Pure religion and undefiled is to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction.' My own heart has been singing for joy all the evening because of your work, and I do not mean to let you do it alone. I want to draw out some of this wonderful music."

There are many hearts which would be the better if there could be singing-schools started in them. Let's you and I do all we can. Perhaps others may catch the key-note and help to swell the song until many a widow's heart shall be comforted and the fatherless be fed.

—Advocate and Guardian.

"GO" AND "COME."

"If you want business done," says the proverb, "go and do it! If you don't want it done, send some one else." An indolent gentleman had a freehold estate, producing about five hundred a year. Becoming involved in debt, he sold half the estate, and let the remainder to an industrious farmer for twenty years. About the end of the term, the farmer called to pay his rent, and asked the owner if he would sell the farm.

"Will you buy it?" asked the owner, surprised.

"Yes, provided we can agree upon the terms."

"That is exceedingly strange," observed the gentleman. "Pray tell me how it happens that while I could not live upon twice as much land, for which I paid no rent, you are regularly paying me two hundred a year, and are able in a few years to buy it?"

"The reason is plain," was the reply. "You sat still and said *go!* I got up and said *come!* You lay in bed and enjoyed your estate; I rose in the morning and minded my business."

PERSEVERANCE.—For the encouragement of little fingers and little voices tired with "practicing the scales" day after day, we will tell our young readers the story of the musical education of Caffarelli, a great vocalist living a hundred years ago. His instructor was Porpora; the most eminent of that day. Under him he studied assiduously for one year, a set of scale studies written down on a single sheet of paper. At the end of that time, the pupil approached his master with the query as to what he should study the second year. The reply was, "The same scale of studies." And so it continued for the third and fourth year, the inevitable scales being the only practice allowed him. At the beginning of the fifth year, the pupil, finding his patience beginning to give way, inquired of his master as to when he would get beyond the rudiments of his art. "Young man," said Porpora, "you may leave me; you have nothing more to learn. You are the greatest singer in the world."

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery and acrid, at others thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang, the breath is offensive, smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, mental depression, hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are, however, likely to be present in any one case. There is no disease more common than Catarrh, and none less understood by physicians.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY

is, beyond all comparison, the best preparation for Catarrh ever discovered. Under the influence of its mild, soothing and healing properties, the disease soon yields. The Golden Medical Discovery should be taken to correct the blood, which is always at fault, and to act specifically upon the diseased glands and lining membrane of the nose. The Catarrh Remedy should be applied warm with *Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche*, the only instrument by which fluids can be perfectly injected to all the passages and chambers of the nose from which discharges proceed.

These medicines are sold by Druggists.

RECEIPTS.

AFTER taking up a carpet, sprinkle the floor with very dilute carbolic acid before sweeping.

HAY sprinkled with a little chloride of lime, and left for an hour in a closed room, will remove the smell of new paint.

TO preserve apples, pack them in dry, chopped straw, so that they do not touch each other. Dip each apple separately in wax and then pack as above.

TWO teaspoonfuls of finely powdered charcoal, drank in a half a tumbler of water, will often give relief to the sick headache when caused, as in most cases it is, by a superabundance of acid on the stomach.

TO RENOVATE A CRAPE CAPE.—Take skim-milk and water, put a little bit of glue in it, and make boiling hot—dampen the crape with the mixture, clap it and pull dry like fine muslin. If rightly done, the crape will look as well as new, providing the article is of good quality.

TO CLEAN BUCKSKIN GLOVES.—Wash them in lukewarm soft water, with a little castile soap, ox-gall, or bran tea, then stretch them on wooden hands, rub them with pipe clay moistened with beer; let them dry gradually, rubbing them from time to time so that they do not lose their shape in drying.

REMEDY FOR BARBER'S ITCH AND TETTER.—Simple as the following remedy may appear, we have authority for saying that it has cured the most obstinate cases: Moisten the part affected with saliva (spittle) and rub it over thoroughly three times a day with the ashes of a good Havana cigar.

IN cleanliness is, as some folks say, one of the arts, all that helps it should be made known. Doors, walls, or anything that is painted may be cleaned with a piece of soft flannel dipped in warm water, then wrung and sprinkled with finely-powdered French chalk. The paint on being rubbed with this will become quite clean, and will be saved from the destructive action of soap.

MARKING INK, UNAFFECTED BY CHLORINE.—An ink for marking linen, etc., which is proof against chlorine, may be prepared, according to Dr. Waltl, by dissolving 8 ounces of extract of logwood in water, and adding ½ an ounce of yellow chromate of potash and ½ of an ounce of chromate of copper, and evaporating the mass until it begins to thicken, and finally adding ½ an ounce of varnish.

ONE who has tried communicates the following about curing sore throats: Let each one of your readers buy at any drug store one ounce of camphorated oil and five cents' worth of chlorate of potash. Whenever any soreness appears in the throat, put the potash in half a tumbler of water, and with it gargle the throat thoroughly, then rub the neck thoroughly with the camphorated oil at night before going to bed, and also pin around the throat a small strip of woolen flannel.

CLEANING SILVERWARE, ETC., WITH POTATO WATER.—Silver and plated articles should be placed about ten minutes in the hot water in which potatoes have been boiled (with salt), and then be rubbed with a woolen rag, and rinsed in pure water, when the articles will not only be free from tarnish, but perfectly bright. Potato water that has become sour by standing several days answers still better, and is also excellent for cleaning articles of steel and glass water-bottles.

TO CLEANSE LACE AND EMBROIDERED MUSLIN CURTAINS.—Wash them carefully, rinse thoroughly, and starch them. Then have two narrow boards, as long or longer than the curtains, with strips of cloth or wide tape tacked on their entire length. Place them out of doors on chairs, as you would quilting frames, and carefully pin the wet curtain between, stretching it until it is entirely smooth. Every point and scallop should be pulled in shape and fastened down. When one curtain is dry fill its place with another. This method of drying them is better than pinning them to a sheet fastened to the carpet on the floor. Drying in the open air, they are clearer and sweeter.

WE cheerfully call the attention of our readers to the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia), who confidently ask a trial. The soap will tell its own story. We advise you to try it.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

— The French make out of chicken feathers a kind of down, which sells for two dollars a pound.

— China has decided upon sending out ambassadors to reside among the outside barbarians.

— There is a lamentable and ever-increasing failure in the crop of prima donnas and tenors in Italy.

— Mr. Swinburne's new work, "Erectheus," which will be published about Christmas, is a play, on the Greek model, of a little over 1,700 lines.

— The Marysville *Appeal* remarks that there are four hundred California born Chinese in San Francisco, who will be entitled to vote at the next Gubernatorial election.

— At the Paris Maritime and Fluvial Exhibition, lately closed, England took the greatest number of prizes for objects connected purely with navigation.

— Over 197,000 trees were planted in Minnesota during the tree-planting season by contestants for certain premiums which had been offered to those planting the largest number.

— It is rumored that the Duc d'Aumale will soon lead a sister of the Princess of Wales to the altar. The proposed alliance greatly agitates French political and social circles.

— In 1855 the Paris omnibuses carried 40,000,000 passengers; in 1860, 72,000,000; in 1867, Exhibition year, 121,000,000; in 1869, 119,000,000; in 1871, 78,000,000; in 1872, 111,000,000; and in 1874, over 115,000,000.

— It is stated that the French are paying particular attention to perfecting their troops in the night manœuvres in which the Germans were so successful during the recent Franco-German war.

— Old ladies in "full possession of all their faculties," who propose attending the Centennial, are getting numerous. The latest one to appear is Mrs. Mary Sohnebly, of Hagerstown, Md., 103 years old, and "active in all her movements."

— A laborer in one of the manufacturing districts of England had a wife about thirty years old, whom he offered for sale at auction to the highest bidder. A young man bid her off for four pence, and clinched the bargain by a written contract. The wife insisted on carrying out the contract.

— It seems probable that Great Britain will soon quietly absorb the two Dutch republics in South Africa. The rulers of those republics have consented to enter into a consultation with the view of forming a South African Confederation similar to that of Canada. Thus England is quietly extending its immense empire without the expenditure of blood or of much money.

— One of the good results of the Education act in London, which is based on the American system, is that the attendance of scholars has increased from 180,000 to 280,000; and this has not been done by harshness, for the number of parents fined does not exceed 6,000, and no fine has exceeded five shillings. The firmness of the London School Board has resulted in saving 100,000 children from growing up in ignorance.

— Dr. Robinson, of Port Jervis, the inventor of several useful articles, has perfected a plan of a machine with which he intends to navigate the air. It is modeled upon the theory of a bird's wing, and dispenses with the use of a balloon. Prominent capitalists have promised to back him, should his theory prove correct, and he is very sanguine of success. He proposes to test the machine at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia.

$50,000 WILL BE PAID FOR ANY remedy which will cure Chronic Rheumatism, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest, Sore Throat, Insect Stings, Croup, Dysentery, Colic, Sprains and Vomiting, quicker than Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, established in 1847; never fails. Sold by the Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, N. Y.

How Delightful

It is to be able to remove all the disfigurements from the skin, such as tan, freckles, moth-patches, etc. The delightful and harmless toilet preparation known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" will effectually remove all such blemish without the fear of injuring the skin. It will leave the skin smooth, clear, and transparently beautiful. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods dealers. Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1876

Saturday Evening, Jan. 15, 1876.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

Chicago—76 *Dearborn St.*,
Walter Burnham, Manager.
Pittsburgh—198 *Penn Ave.*,
G. C. Dunnells, Manager.
Boston—45 *Franklin St.*,
Geo. A. Foxcroft, Jr., Manager.
New York—292 *Broadway*,
F. H. Tinker, Manager.
St. Louis—619 *North Fifth St.*,
J. W. Marsh, Manager.
London, Ont.—71 *West Dundas St.*,
J. M. Chute & Co., Gen. Agents.

"IN ROME DO AS THE ROMANS DO."

"In Rome, do as the Romans do," is a good motto at times, but, always carried out, will plunge us into a sea of difficulties, from which we shall find it almost hopeless to escape; and yet how few there are who, in Rome, dare not do as the Romans do. It is a strong proof of a young man's courage and independence when he can stand up among his young companions, and when urged by them to do something which he knows to be wrong, it is a strong proof of his manhood, we repeat, if he then has the courage to answer "No." Some there are who can do this; but how many others, falling back upon this much-abused watchword, yielding day by day to the influence and example of those about them, find themselves bound at last by fetters stronger than iron, and more fatal than captive in man's hand ever knew.

"In Rome, do as the Romans do." Scarcely a day passes but we hear these words, or see them carried out in the lives of those about us. We loudly boast of this country being a free country, and that not a slave breathes upon our soil; but if we look at the matter in its true light, are we not all more or less in bondage, slaves to that inexorable mistress—Fashion? Does she decree that all the hair shall be combed away from the face, brushed over rolls or cushions, or massed in an indescribable heap on top of the head, forthwith all her fair devotees hasten to obey; or does her next freak demand high combs, woe to the woman who dares to disobey her mandates, and wear her hair in a style suited to her face! She is at once branded with the title of "old maid," or cried down as having "no style."

And in regard to the gentlemen, laugh as they may at the whims of Dame Fashion, they too bow their necks to her yoke, though perhaps cloaking their submission under a show of contempt for her laws; in fact we don't know but they are harder to please than the ladies, even—for where will you find a lady who will fret and fuss over an ill-fitting collar or badly-ironed cuffs as a man will?

So none of us can very well afford to laugh at another, or we may too soon find that the houses we so much pride ourselves on as shielding us from the comments of our neighbors, are made, as well as theirs, simply of glass, and learn that we must be careful how we throw the stones of criticism at others, while we, too, merit the same thing ourselves; for, rebel as we may against the dictates of Dame Fashion, we full often find ourselves drifting with the current, and aptly learning the lesson—"In Rome, do as the Romans do."

MAKE YOUR CHILDREN HAPPY.

Make your children happy and they will be the better men and women for it in the years to come. Never deny them any possible innocent pleasure. Life at best will have enough of privations and sorrows for them to bear; and childhood is the only season when the laugh comes from a really happy heart. In after years, when they have learned what trouble and sorrow are, they may, perhaps, be cheerful and contented, but never again light-hearted as they are now, for responsibilities, even if they are pleasant ones, bring with them cares and anxieties from which only childhood is free.

Make the little ones happy, and you will be the happier for it yourself. Do not fall into the error that they had better learn young what self-denial is. Trials will come for them soon enough, just as they have come for you, and they will be none the easier to bear, because their youth was not as happy as it might have been. But their hearts will be the braver for the memory of love and kindness.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD.—When the plates are prepared for steel engravings, the steel is made soft; and then the graver works out the picture; and then the plate is put into a furnace and brought to great hardness, so that impressions can be taken off by the hundreds without wearing it. Now the time to engrave men is youth, when the plate is soft and ductile. Manhood is hard and cannot be cut easily, any more than tempered steel. Many men waste and trifle with their youth, and do not seem to think that when they have thrown away that period they cannot call it back again.

LESSONS FROM A LIFE.

Scarcely a week passes that does not bring to this column earnest inquiries from some poor and aspiring girl or lad, as to the possibilities of obtaining a college education. To these inquirers and to those parents who vainly desire to afford their children the best facilities for acquiring knowledge and intellectual power the life of Henry Wilson is full of encouragement and stimulus. There are hundreds and thousands of young men and young women so bound by circumstance that they cannot give the time or the money to a seven years' course at the preparatory school and college. Perhaps a term or two at some high school or academy may be the limit of what is practicable for them; but learning is not confined to academies; colleges do not monopolize it. Only the lover of learning becomes the scholar at Oxford or Cambridge, Harvard or Yale. The young man who has a "taste for reading" and who cultivates that taste in the right direction, becomes the man of information and of influence.

Mr. Wilson was a great reader even in boyhood, and a kind lady, discovering this, gained access for him to the valuable library of her brother, and before he was twenty-one he had read in the intervals of labor a thousand volumes. How many libraries are locked up and doing no good that would feed hungry souls with the sweet waters of knowledge and wisdom, that would give "mute, inglorious Miltons" food for song, that would nourish other Henry Wilsons and build them up into great and noble manhood!

Disappointed in his ardent expectation of taking a university course, Mr. Wilson went back to the "last" and gave up the hope of a formal education, but diligently improved every leisure hour in cultivating his mental powers, both by reading and by debates in the Society of Young Mechanics of which he was a member.

At this time he met Lydia Maria Child, that noble woman whose name is a synonym for philanthropy and virtue, and breathing the spirit just then beginning to stir in the New England heart, to which she, more than any woman of her time gave utterance, he began to see the path he was destined to tread, open before him. It does not appear whether Mrs. Child was aware of the extent of her influence over the young man; probably not. Few women of social position and intellectual power realize how great is the power they have to mould the minds of young men; how weighty are their words of praise and blame; and how by the expression of discriminative and impartial judgments they may unmask the faces of false ambition and illicit pleasure, and hold up in the white light of truth the beautiful lineaments of virtue.

Mr. Wilson showed that even a politician by profession may be an honest man and a sincere Christian; that in the midst of corruption and bribery he may remain unsoiled. Aspiring to discharge in the best possible manner the duties of the high position to which he had risen by sheer force of capability and of virtue, he earned and he received his full meed of honor. Not a lad that shall read this column but may take heart as he studies the life of Henry Wilson, who made poverty, obscurity, and daily toil his stepping-stones to power and influence; who, poor himself, as men count poverty, was ever the friend of the poor man, and died honored by the intelligent of all people at home and abroad.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE CENTENNIAL BUILDINGS.

One who has recently visited the structures now approaching completion in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, endeavoring to convey some idea of their extent, says:

"We doubt if a full conception of this gigantic affair entered a single mind of those who were not looking on. We confess that we were not near equal to the occasion. The proportions of Machinery Hall alone—one of the smallest of the buildings—was hardly appreciated; because everything around it was on such a grand scale that it didn't look so large after all. But within this building, every living soul in Harrisburg, Carlisle, and Mechanicsburg could be supplied with a comfortable seat, and room for as many more. Every person in Philadelphia could be accommodated with standing-room in it at one and the same time, and there would be room enough left for the people of another good-sized city. And this building is not near as large as the mammoth building just east of it, known as the 'Main Building.' In this building, every living soul in the great State of Pennsylvania could be supplied with standing-room, and leave a good-sized corner for the people of another State.

"Then a person can walk a hundred miles in Machinery Hall, without going over the same spot twice. In the Main Building, he could walk a hundred and fifty miles. Taking all the buildings, a visitor to the Exposition can walk over five hundred miles, and not go over any one place twice in the whole distance. So the person who goes to the Exposition expecting to 'do' the whole thing in one day, will be woefully disappointed. He couldn't do it, traveling at railroad speed.

"It is believed that over 100,000 people will be present at the Exposition, from Europe alone. Millions of Americans will be there next year. It is safe to say—nothing unforeseen occurring—that the Exposition next year will be visited by 8,000,000 of people, and probably 10,000,000."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This old and justly well-known and popular family story paper comes to the front for 1876, with a most liberal gift for its many thousand readers, in the shape of a large and most magnificent chromo, 19x25 inches, entitled: "DeSoto; or the Discovery of the Mississippi," representing a scene on this wonderful stream, just above the now city of Vicksburg, at a junction of the Yazoo river with the Father of waters, where is clustered a little group who first gazed in utter astonishment on the turbid waters of the truly wonderful river. DeSoto, a gallant young European, and the leader of this band, is prominently mounted on a steed and forms the prominent feature, while the beautiful scenery at this spot helps to form a truly magnificent picture. The picture alone is worth the cost of both, while the paper is one of the best story papers published.—*Guard, Bloomington, Nebraska.*

A GREAT many persons wish to live their lives over again, because they see where they might have sinned, and didn't.

WINDOW GARDENING.

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

Pre-eminent in the class of bulbous-rooted flowering plants stands the Hyacinth, which has been deservedly popular for more than three hundred years, and is to-day more sought after than any other species, simply because greater variety of color and quantity of bloom can be had with less trouble and expense than from any other. Hyacinths have a most generous nature; they will adapt themselves to almost any situation, and flower as freely and smell as sweetly in the poor man's window as in the more costly conservatory of the wealthy.

No plant pays so well for good culture as this. The difference between common planting and proper growing is so great, that one would scarcely think or believe the flower could come from the same bulb.

Hyacinths can be grown in a variety of ways, but the best, simplest and most common, in pots. We shall, however, describe the various ways in which they can be grown, and leave our readers to make their own choice, as their fancy may dictate.

To flower bulbs successfully, they should be procured as soon as possible after their arrival from Holland, which is generally about the beginning of September, and immediately potted in a soil composed of equal parts of good loam, leaf mould and well rotted cow manure, which should be well mixed, after which add about one-fifth of good clean sand. No soil can be better than this for noble growth and bloom. The pots should be made on purpose—not larger than five inches across, nor less than eight inches deep; fill the pot nearly full of the compost, and press the bulb firmly in, so that the top of the bulb is about level with the top of the pot.

After filling, they should be plunged in a frame or deep border, and covered four inches with soil or some compost, where they should remain until the first of December. This operation is highly necessary to encourage the root growth, which must be made before the leaves shoot forth, for perfection of bloom. After the roots have reached the bottom of the pot, they may be brought into the conservatory to flower as wanted.

Water should be freely given them as soon as they begin to grow, but do not soak them, neither allow them to dry up. Even temperature, even watering, with plenty of fresh air, are the essentials for their well growing. As soon as the flower-stem is fully developed, one or two waterings with liquid manure is highly beneficial. The style of growth, and the sizes of the flowers and trusses

Princess Alexandra Jardinet.

of plants cultivated in this manner will very much excel those grown in the ordinary way, and will amply repay the care bestowed. The same soil and treatment should be given them if planted in boxes, Jardinieres, tubs, or any device the grower may select.

Hyacinths can be and are commonly grown in glasses. One or two seasons generally satisfy the enthusiast, however, that it is not the better way. Many will every year try this method, and for such the following instructions will be most likely the ones to insure successful result:

Always use rain-water; put them in the glasses about the first of October; do not fill above the bottom of the bulb. It is better not to let the water quite reach the bulb. After filling, place in a dark closet until the roots reach the bottom of the glass, which will generally be in about three weeks; be careful to keep away from frost; change the water as often as it becomes discolored, and fill up to the bottom of the bulb any time there is a vacancy between the periods of change. When they begin to grow, give them all the light possible without setting them where they will get the noonday sun.

A friend once called us to see and tell him why his Hyacinths did not "do well." Upon examination we found the water hot from the sun—not merely warm, but hot enough to cook the bulb, which is not the way they should be served up. To set the glasses on the window ledge is nearly as fatal to them; the cold air coming up between the sash chills them. Plants of all kinds are as sensitive to a draft as human beings are. In order to have them near the light, put up light brackets or a narrow shelf across the window, say six inches from the glass, which will protect them both from the sun and the draft.

A very good plan for growing them in glasses is first to put the bulb in clean sand until the roots have become well grown, say six inches long, then take them out of the sand, put them in glasses, and treat as above. It is really curious to see them growing in water, and when, as you sometimes will do, you get a good spike, the satisfaction is very great.

Hyacinths will grow and bloom in moss alone, if it be kept continually wetted; but a far better way is to fill half-way whatever vessel you may choose—a bowl, dish or vase—with clean sand, place the bulb upon it, and fill the rest with good green moss. Use sufficient water to keep the sand full, but with none lying on the top.

Those who grow Hyacinths in part to gratify curiosity, will be amused by taking a deep saucer or glass dish, fill it to the rim with clean white gravel, upon which place a good, firm bulb, then treat the same as with glasses. The roots will soon fill the dish, running over and through the gravel, forming a solid mass.

TULIPS.

Few flowers have received the marked attention and been so universally grown and admired as the Tulips. But few plants are so varied in their characters, and scarcely a family so large but what has more poor relations. The late flowering or show varieties are among the brightest ornaments of the garden. We regret so few of the many sorts are suitable for forcing or for early flowering in the "window."

The following varieties can be successfully grown in pots, giving them the same soil and treatment as recommended for the Hyacinth. They should be

Pot of Tulips.

planted in five-inch pots, putting five bulbs in each, one in the centre, the four equally distant about one inch from the rim. Plant as early as they can be procured in the fall. Plunge out of doors, and let them remain until the first of December, when they may be brought in. As soon as they show signs of growth, water moderately; give them plenty of light, sun and air; a cool situation suits them best. Due Van Thol, Red and Yellow, Scarlet, White, Yellow, Crimson, and Gold Striped. Potterbakker, White and Yellow. Tourneesol (double) Red and Yellow. Florentine (sweet scented), exquisite on account of its delicious fragrance.

THE SNOWDROP.

This ever popular and charming little flower, the first to welcome spring when planted in some snug corner where the sun loves to linger, is quite at home in the window corner. It thrives finely in a light sandy loam; does not require to be particularly rich. If planted in pots alone, six can be put in a three-inch pot, which should have the same treatment as the Crocus, a little freezing being very beneficial to them. They make a lovely border to the pots or boxes of Hyacinths, the same treatment answering equally well for both. The double is larger and better for pot culture than the single; the latter is the earlier of the two.

THE IRIS.

But few plants present such rare beauty and rich combination of color as the Iris. The name was given it by Pliny and Theophrastus, from the variety of its colors. Of the many hundred varieties, the bulbous-rooted sorts are the only ones that succeed well in pots. The method of culture is simple, requiring a rich, loamy soil. Only three or four bulbs should be planted in a six-inch pot, which should be filled about one-quarter full of broken pots for drainage, then fill with soil, and press the bulb in so that the top of the bulb will be even with the rim of the pot. Give but very little water until they show growth, after which it may be given more freely.

The following bulbous-rooted plants are all adapted for cultivation for either parlor or conservatory:

Ranunculus, of which the variety is almost endless; Anemone, of which there are nearly a hundred species, many of them presenting some of the finest forms of floral beauty; Cyclamen, the most beautiful bulbous-rooted plant ever introduced for the purpose; Scilla, early spring flowers; Amaryllis; Vallota Purpurea; Lilium Candidum; Lilium Longiflorum, and Lilium Auratum, all these lilies well adapted for the window-garden. Tuberose and Achimines, which are tuberous rooted, but generally classed with bulbs, are charming for growing in pots, pans, or hanging-baskets.

The WINTER ACONITE is a charming little plant with golden blossoms, which expand simultaneously with the Snowdrop, and with which it contrasts finely. After flowering, the foliage makes a beautiful edging for pots or jardinets.

Basket of Mixed Bulbs.

We give above illustrations of jardinets, one constructed of pottery-ware, filled with sand in the interior, with here and there an opening for the spike of flowers to grow from the bulb. The second is a pot of tulips, and the third a basket of mixed bulbs—hyacinths, tulips, lily of the valley, etc.

Why the latter—the lily of the valley, the loveliest child of the floral family—is not found in every conservatory window or green-house, it is difficult to imagine, for there is scarcely a plant more easily cultivated than this. It is easily forced into bloom, and may be kept in succession from Christmas until May.

The illustrations we have given, along with this article, have been taken from a very attractive volume on "Window Gardening," by Henry T. Williams, which we can recommend as an invaluable aid to all who wish to adorn their homes in the easiest and most successful manner with plants or vines, ferns or flowers.

A CENTENNIAL PLAY.

The old readers of the POST, to whom the name of Mr. Henry Peterson is familiar, will be pleased to learn that he has just finished a Centennial drama, which has been pronounced, by competent theatrical judges, to be full of merit, and certain of proving an overwhelming success when it is put on the stage. The play is in six acts, and is entitled "Helen."

We understand that the management of the Chestnut Street Theatre, of Philadelphia, have secured the play for representation during the Centennial season, and intend to produce it in a very elaborate and realistic manner, leaving nothing neglected which can make it a complete and correct picture of life in Revolutionary days.

The scene is laid in Philadelphia and its vicinity during the occupation by the British in 1777-78. Among other famous local scenes, Chew's house in Germantown and the old Walnut Street Jail will be truthfully represented on the stage, and also, a colonial parlor and kitchen. The costumes of 1776 will be reproduced with perfect fidelity; and, all the necessary accessories will be carefully attended to. In fact, every play Messrs. Gemmill, Scott & Co. have produced this season has been placed upon the stage with a magnificence in appointments, scenery, and stage-setting that has been rarely equalled in Philadelphia.

They certainly deserve credit and patronage for the enterprise they have shown.

All the plays produced so far have been first-class, and far above the average. In these days of sensation, it is a positive relief to visit such a place of amusement as the Chestnut Street Theatre, and see a good, pure comedy by a remarkably fine company of players.

THE FIRST AND LAST CENSUS.

Now that we have entered upon our Centennial year, the following table showing the population of the original thirteen States in 1790, first census, and in 1870, last census, will be of value and interest. The table also shows the population of Maine, Vermont, Kentucky and Tennessee, States formed from the original thirteen, and admitted to the Union subsequent to 1790. The truth of the saying "Westward the course of empire takes its way," may be seen from the fact that in 1790, the centre of population was about 23 miles east of Baltimore. In 1810, it was 40 miles northwest of Washington, D. C. In 1830, it was about Staunton, Va. In 1850 it was near Parkersburg, W. Va. In 1870, it was about 48 miles northeast of Cincinnati.

STATES.	POPULATION. 1790.	POPULATION. 1870.	GAIN.
Maine	96 540	626,915	530,375
New Hampshire	141,885	318 300	176 415
Vermont	85,425	330,551	245 126
Massachusetts	378 787	1,457,351	1 078 564
Rhode Island	68 825	217,353	148,528
Connecticut	237,928	537,454	299 526
New York	340 120	4,382,759	4 042 639
New Jersey	184,139	906,096	721 957
Pennsylvania	434,373	3,521,151	3,087,378
Delaware	59,096	125,015	65,919
Maryland	319 728	780 894	461 166
Virginia	747 610	1,225,163	477,553
North Carolina	393,751	1,071,361	677 610
South Carolina	249,073	705,606	456 533
Georgia	82,548	1,184,109	1,101,561
Kentucky	73 677	1,321,011	1,247 334
Tennessee	35 691	1,258 520	1 222 829
Total	3,929,214	19 970,409	16,041,195

HOW TO CELEBRATE NEXT "FOURTH."—The Centennial authorities, in a circular, earnestly recommend that, throughout the country, the local celebrations of the Fourth of July, 1876, be made to contribute to a permanent historical memorial of the Centennial; that in each county an address be delivered, tracing the history of that community for the past century, or from the time of its settlement, and sketching its growth, resources, industries, prospects, etc.; the addresses to be published in uniform size, and bound by the respective States. To competent persons, the Commission believe that the preparation of such addresses would not be an unduly burdensome task; but in the aggregate, they would constitute an invaluable historical repository, such as no nation has ever had the opportunity to collect. It is recommended to designate the historians without delay, that there may be time for the accomplishment of the work.

REAL GOOD BREEDING.—If every individual member of society were as well-bred at heart and in mind as in outward action, there would be an end to the outcry about the falseness of the fashionable world. Polite phrases of the most stereotyped kind are sometimes heartfelt and genuine; and the desire to make your neighbors or guests happy or comfortable, should be felt strongly, and the expression of that desire is assuredly harmless. The person who simply shams the kind feeling, and expresses the contrary in your absence, is certainly not well-bred; and there is no doubt that the truest courtesy is that of the heart, and innate. The sort of chivalrous feeling for the weak that is handed down to us from the earliest periods is the mainspring of much of what is called good breeding.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—Under the management of Messrs. Reed, Wickersham & Co., the old reliable POST is rapidly outstripping all other publications of its kind in America. It has the best corps of contributors that can be had in this or any other country, and its future promises to be what its gentlemanly editors and proprietors really deserve—the leading fireside paper of the world. Established for more than half a century, the POST has indeed found its way to the hearts of the people.—*Freeman, Webster City, Iowa, Dec.* 15, 1875.

IN another column will be found the prospectus of that excellent family literary journal, the SATURDAY EVENING POST, to which we invite the readers' attention. Of all the literary papers published at this time we know of none that we can more cheerfully recommend to our readers.—*Anoka County Republican, Anoka, Minn., Dec.* 15.

AMBER attracts a straw, so does beauty admiration, which only lasts while the warmth continues; but virtue, wisdom, goodness and real worth, like the loadstone, never lose their power. They are the true graces, linked and tied hand in hand. It is by their influence that human hearts are so firmly united to each other.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

THE buildings intended for the Commissioners of Great Britain are completed.

FUNDS are being raised in Massachusetts to enable a corps of 1,000 veterans to visit the grounds.

THE heating apparatus has been introduced in Horticultural Hall, and the forcing-houses have already been filled with plants.

FRANCE has applied for more space in the Fine Art Department of the Exposition alone than will fill the entire space of Memorial Hall and the new extension, which doubles the capacity of the original building.

THE monks of the charming little Armenian Monastery of St. Lazaro, a short distance from Venice, and a place well known to tourists, are preparing for the Exhibition several superb copies of their well-known books.

IT is the intention of the Centennial Commissioners to invite each city of the country, where a Paid Fire Department exists, to send one company to the Centennial Exhibition to exhibit their modes of working, and the whole to comprise a fire brigade for the protection of the buildings.

THEODORE THOMAS has accepted the post of musical director of the ceremonies for the opening of the Centennial Exhibition. There is probably no man in the country so admirably qualified to give eclat to that performance as Mr. Thomas. His orchestra is the finest ever gathered together in America, and he is incomparably our best leader.

THE space taken by foreign nations in the Exhibition Buildings is as follows:

	Total area of Building.	Foreign Space.
Main Building	21.47	12.4
Art Building (to be increased)	1.5	over 80 p.c.
Machinery Hall	14	about 25 p.c.
Horticultural Hall	1.5	1.7
Agricultural Hall	14.15	⅛

THE following is a list of previous Exhibitions elsewhere, with the space covered, and cost of erection:

	Space Covered.	Cost.
London, 1851	20 acres	$1,464 000
New York, 1853	5⅓ acres	500 000
Paris, 1855	30 acres	4,000,000
London, 1862	24 acres	2,300,000
Paris, 1867	40⅓ acres	4 500 783
Vienna, 1873	50 acres	9,850 000
Philadelphia, 1876	60 acres	6,724,350

THE following nations have already erected, or are about erecting buildings on the Centennial grounds:

Great Britain	3	Egypt	2
Germany	1	Canada	1
Brazil	1	Australia	1
Sweden	2	Turkey	1
Japan	3	Morocco	1
Spain	2		
Nations			11
Buildings			17

THE list of exhibitors in the British section of the Philadelphia Exhibition has just been published in England, and embraces almost all the largest manufacturing firms in the United Kingdom. London, Sheffield, Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Huddersfield, Belfast, Dublin, Leeds, and several other manufacturing cities will be particularly well represented. The list embraces names of fully 700 firms, embracing almost every known variety of industry. The display of machinery, woolen cloths and yarns, and fabrics, fire arms, linens and cutlery will be very large and extremely attractive.

ARRANGEMENTS have just been consummated for holding, during the Centennial, in the hall of the College of Physicians, Thirteenth and Locust streets, an International Medical Congress, consisting of delegates, American and foreign, the former representing the American Medical Association, and the State and Territorial Medical Societies of the Union, the latter the principal medical societies of other countries. The congress will begin on the 4th and terminate on the 9th of September, 1876. The morning sessions will be devoted to general business and the reading of discourses, the afternoon to the meetings of the sections, nine in number, covering the whole ground of medicine and surgery. The language will be English, but not to the exclusion of any other tongue.

THE following is a list of foreign nations that have accepted the invitation to take part, with the amounts appropriated for expenses, as far as ascertained: Great Britain, with Australia and Canada (gold), $250,000; France and Algeria, $120 000; Germany, $111,000; Russia, Austria, $75,000; Italy (Government, $38,000; Chamber of Commerce, $38,000), $76,000; Spain, $150,000; Japan, $600,000; China; Belgium, $40,000; Denmark (gold), $10,500; Sweden, $125,000; Norway, $14,000; Netherland (ample provision, amount not yet known), Portugal, Turkey, Egypt, Brazil, Peru, Bolivia, Chili (owner of all goods exhibited, and all expenses), Hayti, Venezuela (all expenses, amount unlimited), Mexico, Equador, $10,000; Nicaragua, Persia, Liberia, Siam, Guatemala and Salvador, Honduras, United States of Colombia, Hawaii, Argentine Confederation (owner of all goods exhibited), $50,000; Tunis, Orange Free State; Total, 36 nations.

PERSONALITIES.

JOHN BRIGHT says that Queen Victoria is "the most careful and domestic woman he ever met." How Mrs. Bright received the remark is not announced.

THE Duke of Edinburgh is writing a comic opera in three acts for the benefit of "the men who laugh." The initial performance is eagerly awaited by loyalty.

THE Crown Princess of Prussia will be the recipient of a wreath of finely-tinted autumn leaves, prepared and framed by the students of the Art College at Syracuse, New York.

SINCE Brigham Young's release he acts like a changed man. It is only necessary for any of his wives to hint that the fire is low, and he will trot out to the wood-shed without a murmur.

MR. MAPLESON, the well-known director of Italian opera in London, is now on his way to this country. Mr. Mapleson comes to inspect our opera houses and theatres, to gain ideas for the new opera house to be built on the Thames embankment.

THE Crown Princess of Germany has a studio arranged in the new palace, Potsdam, where she and the Crown Prince reside. She has produced several very good portraits of the members of the royal family, which are at the same time creditable works of art.

PROF. THORDEN, of the University of Upsala, Sweden, is in Boston, visiting the public schools and studying the language. His object, in connection with the Centennial Celebration next summer, is to make himself familiar with our institutions, especially educational.

THE announcement is now made, and on perfectly reliable authority, that the skeleton of the horse on which General Sheridan rode to Winchester will not be exhibited at the Centennial, because the horse, not being dead yet, continues to make active use of his skeleton in Chicago.

THE Pekin *Gazette* has been established over one thousand years, and probably its present numbers are exact counterparts of the first it issued. It covers ten pages, 4x8 inches, and has a yellow cover on which its name is printed. It is the only native paper circulating in a Kingdom of 414 000,000 souls, and is exclusively confined to official notices.

THE Emperor of Russia is quite young in comparison with his most important contemporaries. He is in his fifty-eighth year. His uncle, Kaiser Wilhelm, is twenty-one years older. While Alexander is much attached to his uncle of Germany, his son and heir hates Germany and the Germans. Hence the Czar's comparative youth is a good thing for Europe.

NEWARK, New Jersey, is something of a literary town, it being the residence of Mrs. Terhune ("Marion Harland"), wife of a clergyman of the Reformed Church; Virginia F. Townsend, author of some sprightly tales; Mrs. E. C. Kinney, the poetess; Amanda M. Douglass, author of several works of fiction; Dr. Abraham Coles, translator of *Dies Iræ*, and Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas.*

THE Russian Minister's establishment is the wonder of all Washington. He and his wife go about on visits of ceremony accompanied by a chasseur who wears a sword and a cap with a long drooping white feather. This chasseur sits on the box of the carriage alongside the coachman, and dismounts when the carriage stops, and with drawn sword uplifted assists her Royal Highness and his Royal Highness to alight, and conducts them to the house, and then stands military fashion until they appear.

DR. LYON PLAYFAIR, of England, has written a letter to General Eaton, Commissioner of Education, in reference to an educational exhibit at Philadelphia in 1876. He says: "If you succeed, you will have a more methodical and lasting result than we have obtained in this country. I hope to be in the United States in the third or fourth week of August next year, but the intentions of a political man are much governed by political exigencies." Dr. Playfair was formerly Postmaster General under Gladstone, and at present is a member of Parliament, representing the universities of Scotland.

GRIP'S CORNER.

CROAKINGS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.—No doubt every little reader of this corner has heard of the wonderful "House that Jack built," and Grip ventures to say that there are few of you who do not know the story from its beginning to its end. So it is not necessary to repeat it here; but how many of you know from whence came this story, and what really was the house built by Jack? I do not believe that a single boy or girl of you all knows, before Grip tells you, that the famous story is a parody. Do you all know what a parody is? If you do not and will go to that large book of Mr. Webster's that your sister uses when she writes letters to her young gentlemen friends, you will find that a parody is the taking of an author's words or ideas and by slightly changing them, make them apply to something else, generally in a comic or burlesque way. Well this is just how Jack built his house—the whole piece being a parody or imitation of an old hymn, hundreds of years old, which the Jews of long ago, used to sing. The hymn is in the shape of a story, and was originally written in the Chaldean tongue. It was translated into the German for Grip by an old Syrian raven, as we sat on the banks of the Red Sea talking over the times that even we could not recollect, and so Grip is able to give you the English of it. Besides, my memory is not so good as it was some years ago, and this must be jotted down and put into type before I forget it altogether. You will see that Jack had a very good foundation for his wonderful structure.

1 A kid, a kid, that my father bought
for two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

2 Then came a cat,
And ate the kid that my father bought
for two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

3 Then came a dog,
And bit the cat
That ate the kid that my father bought
for two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

4 Then came a staff,
And beat the dog
That bit the cat
That ate the kid that my father bought
for two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

5 Then came a fire,
And burned the staff
That beat the dog
That bit the cat
That ate the kid that my father bought
for two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

6 Then came the water,
And quenched the fire
That burned the staff
That beat the dog
That bit the cat
That ate the kid that my father bought
for two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

7 Then came an ox,
And drank the water
That quenched the fire
That burned the staff
That beat the dog
That bit the cat
That ate the kid that my father bought
for two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

8 Then came a butcher,
And felled the ox
That drank the water
That quenched the fire
That burned the staff
That beat the dog
That bit the cat
That ate the kid that my father bought
for two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

9 Then came the Death-angel,
And killed the butcher
That felled the ox
That drank the water
That quenched the fire
That burned the staff
That beat the dog
That bit the cat
That ate the kid that my father bought
for two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

10 Then came the Holiest One,
And slew the Death-angel
That killed the butcher
That felled the ox
That drank the water
That quenched the fire
That burned the staff
That beat the dog
That bit the cat
That ate the kid that my father bought
for two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

Do you not see the close resemblance of your pet story to this old legend-hymn of the Jews? The latter has a full meaning for every line, and this is it:

1. The kid was one of the purest of all animals, under the laws of Moses, and here stands for the whole Jewish people. Moses and Aaron, who brought them from Egypt, are the two pieces of money, although this connection is not so easily seen as the others, and God is the Father spoken of as giving the money.

2. The cat stands for the Assyrians, who, as you may remember from your Sunday-School lessons, led the ten tribes of the Jews into captivity.

3. The dog signifies the kingdom of Babylon, which defeated the Assyrians.

4. The staff is Persia, whose great Cyrus conquered Babylon.

5. The fire is the army of Macedon and its allies, which, under Alexander the Great, subdued the Persian empire.

6. The water denotes the Roman empire, to which tribute was paid by the Jews, at the time our Christian era begins. This was the fifth foreign power under which the Children of Israel, as the Jews were called, had been.

7. The ox is the Saracen race which subdued the whole of Palestine.

8. The butcher means the great combination which formed the different crusades, and took away the Holy Land from the Saracens.

9. The Death-angel is Turkey, which power drove away the crusaders and now owns the whole of Palestine.

10. The Holiest One is the Messiah, the Christ whom long ago, in the Garden of Eden, God promised to the Jews, and for whom they still look.

Such, dear children, is the old hymn from which some careless hand, whose owner thought more of the little ones than of the sacred history of the Jews, drew the story of the "House that Jack built." There is another nursery rhyme which is traced from the same origin, but which need not be mentioned here, as my little readers have long since recognized the "Fire and the Stick," and besides this came after, long after, Jack had introduced his wonderful house to the young folks.

THE MAGIC OF SILENCE.

You have often heard "it takes two to make a quarrel." Do you believe it? I'll tell you how one of my little friends managed.

Dolly never came to see Marjorie that there was not a quarrel. Marjorie tried to speak gently, but no matter how hard she tried, Dolly finally made her so angry that she soon would speak sharp words too.

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried poor little Marjorie.

"Suppose you try this plan," said her mamma. "The next time Dolly comes in, seat yourself in front of the fire and take the tongs in your hand. Whenever a sharp word comes from Dolly, gently snap the tongs without speaking a word."

Soon afterward in marched Dolly to see her little friend. It was not a quarter of an hour before Dolly's temper was ruffled, and her voice was raised, and as usual, she began to find fault and scold. Marjorie fled to the hearth and seized the tongs, snapping them gently. More angry words from Dolly. Snap went the tongs. More still. Snap.

"Why don't you speak?" screamed Dolly, in a fury.

Snap went the tongs.

"Speak!" said she.

Snap was the only answer.

"I'll never, never come again; never!" cried Dolly.

Away she went. Did she keep her promise? No, indeed. She came the next day, but seeing Marjorie run for the tongs, she solemnly said if she would only let them alone, they would quarrel no more forever and ever.

INEXPENSIVE CHARITY.

"Ah, Ned! what a wicked world this is, and what monsters men are!" said Moolly, the cow, to the donkey.

Ned pricked up his ears and looked for an explanation.

"Ah, my friend! Can you believe it? Instead of feeding innocently on grass and thistles, as you and I do, they kill creatures like us, and eat our flesh. I saw the butcher with his cart full of what the monsters call meat, going the round of the village this very morning. Ned! can you go on grazing?" she demanded, angrily, as the donkey resumed his bite at a thistle.

"Well," said Ned, "it's very cruel—*very;* and I'm sorry people do it; but, as you justly observe, it is a wicked world, and I suppose people have got into the way of doing it, and can't get out of it. Man is but an imperfect being, and it's hard to break from old habits."

His air was so philosophical, it greatly provoked Moolly. "I'll tell you what, Ned, you are mighty wise and charitable, but when the knife comes to your throat, you'll have another mind."

"Ah!—but you see—*they don't eat donkeys!*" replied Ned.

NOVELTY'S THE POINT; OR, A NINE DAYS' WONDER.

"What are you staring at?" asked Rock, the shepherd's dog, as he noticed the cows walking one after another up to a corner of the field, where they stood with their faces fixed in the same direction.

"At the new gate," said the white cow.

"Why it's exactly like the old one," said Rock.

"Exactly," replied the white cow; and stared on.

"And leads into the same lane," said Rock.

"The same lane," answered the white cow, still staring.

"Then why in the world do you stare at it?" asked Rock.

"It's new," said the white cow, and never turned her head.

"What incomparable dolts!" exclaimed Rock; "if the old gate had remained standing, they would never have given it a look, but this, that is not a whit better, and leads the same way, just because it is new, takes the eyes of the whole field!"

CHINESE FROGS.—All of you have heard the concerts with which the hop-frogs of the little country streams serenade their neighbors and visitors after night-fall. I confess that next to the croak of a raven, I would rather hear that of a frog than listen to all the grand art of all your musical swells, in the great musical halls. But there is a limit to all things, and I must say in all candor that I would rather listen to almost any operatic singer than to a Chinese frog. Did any of you ever hear one? Well, you needn't coax your fathers to take you to China just on that account. It won't pay. You know that Shanghai fowls are much larger than the ones of this country. Well, just in such proportion, or indeed more so, is the croak of a Chinese frog to one we hear on this side of the water. It don't croak—it grunts, and *such* a grunt! It is as big in size (the grunt I mean) as a good sized barrel, and as rough as the side of an unground mill-stone. Oh, the Chinese, the Chinese! If they want to bring their frogs with them to this country, keep them off, or take a lesson from California and tax the owners and the frogs so highly that they will both be glad to stay away.

EXPERIENCE BETTER THAN ADVICE.—"Just let me put that creature out of the way," cried Young Snap to Old Barker, as they passed a hedgehog lying by the roadside. "All right!" said Barker, trotting on till he heard Snap behind him. "Well, finished him?" he asked, trying to catch Snap's eye, which was turned away. "Why, no," said Snap, "the brute wasn't worth the trouble." "Ah! how's your nose?" said Barker. "I think by the color of it, if you had made at it much longer, he would have finished you. I had a taste of a cousin of his once, and since then I have kept clear of the race. I dare say for the future you will do the same. Experience is better than advice."

THE LOVES OF THE SEASONS.

BY BARTLEY CAMPBELL.

Have you ever heard it said
How that Autumn, fair and slender,
With a crescent on her head,
And a robe of misty splendor,
Met warm Summer in a wood;
Met him lying under cover,
And, maid-like, not as she should,
Stopped to flirt, and found a lover,
Found a lover, blithe and gay,
In the clover-scented hay?

How came I to know of this?
Wide-eyed daisies saw the meeting;
Saw the pressure and the kiss,
And the red lips' luscious greeting.
They, too, heard the gentle sigh
Of the tall trees for brave Summer,
For they knew that he must die
Of his love for this newcomer.
See the tears that they have shed—
Brown and russet, green and red.

Ah, you want the love-tale told
Though with tears your eyes may glisten,
Just a kiss. I pray don't scold,
For you promised but to listen.
There—your hand. Now let us sit
Where the slanting sunbeams quiver,
Ere the evening stars are lit,
Ere the day dies on the river,
While the purple mist descends,
And with deeper darkness blends.

'Tis a tale for tender eyes,
Though a trifle out of fashion,
How that Autumn did deceive;
How that Summer died of passion.
First she won him with a look—
Ah, how well I do remember,
As he lay beside the brook,
While his heart glowed like an ember,
'Till his whole frame felt the thrill;
What a pity love should kill!

Shall I tell what happened there:
How her hair was like a curtain,
How it cloth-d the loving pair,
In the waning light uncertain?
Thus they spent the first glad day,
Sipping from love's brimming chalice,
Filled with nectar by a fay
Sent from Cupid's gaudy palace;
While the birds, both old and young,
Sat among the boughs and sung.

Of this love was born a child,
And the farmers called him Plenty,
And his presence care beguiled;
Blessings met wherever went he.
But fair Autumn, having brought
Into life this welcome being,
Chilled warm Summer with the thought
That her love from him was fleeing.
Then he saw the woods aflame
With the heralds of her shame.

Then his cheek grew deathly pale,
And his perfumed winds went sighing,
'Round the world to tell the tale,
That their master lay a dying.
As his eye grew glazed and dim,
Clouds in mourning swept the blue,
And rained bitter tears for him
Who had been in life so true.
Songsters weary of the sight,
Southward plumed their soaring flight.

If the daisies speak the truth,
Ere the Summer's spirit vanished
Autumn loved again—forsooth!
And the old true love was banished.
For a knight with coy mail,
And a plume of downy whiteness,
Who rode down the Northern gale,
From the realms of Boreal brightness;
But the earth grew cold with fear,
As the stranger knight drew near.

Autumn could not catch his eyes,
Though she spread her charms before him;
Hung the wood in sunset dyes,
And her tawny hair flung o'er him;
But his heart was icy cold:
Cold as ice, e'en when they parted,
So she died outside the fold;
Died neglected—broken-hearted.
Poor, poor Autumn, fickle maid!
Shrouded, uncrowned, lowly laid.

Find a moral, he who will,
In this simple little story;
How that jealousy will kill;
How that constancy is glory;
How to cherish what we own,
While we yet may call it ours;
How to check the rising moan;
How to prize the present flowers.
O, how sad a thing to cast
Yearning eyes upon the past!

—*The Arcadian.*

THE REJECTED LOVER!

OR

The Adventures of Robert Temple.

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MYSTERIOUS ACTRESS.

It was many days after that day of mystery before Robert Temple was permitted to meet Rose again. No message came from her to him; he waited what seemed an interminable time, then unable to endure the suspense, and contrary to the directions she had given him, he called to see her.

He was told that she was ill—very ill! Mr. Vane came down to the parlor a moment to speak with him. The old father's face was sad enough to see. He told the young man that his daughter had exerted herself too much on the day of her cousin Rosamond's marriage. She had been taken violently ill the night when she came back from the reception.

The young man's heart smote him, and he went away with gloomy reflections enough. What if she should die now—die! He shivered! Should he never see her more—never speak to her again—beg her to forgive him for all the suffering his rude impetuous will had brought upon her.

He waited dreading every day to hear the tidings of her death; then he took courage and called again. He was told that Miss Vane was better; she had been carried out of town to Mr. Vane's country house. She was rapidly improving by last accounts.

These tidings cheered him so that he plucked up sufficient courage to begin to consider whether he might not go and see her. This took him several days, for he was slow in coming to a conclusion—he who had heretofore caught up a whim only to yield to it and pursue his fancy as it led him.

Meanwhile time flitted. The "heated term" came on. New York was thinning fast. "Everybody was out of town—fortunate everybody," scrambling up mountains, dancing and flirting in hot hotels in crowded, "fashionable resorts," ogling and sentimentalizing by the "sad sea waves," flitting across the Atlantic like flocks of migratory birds to Europe. Oh, fortunate everybody! and the remainder of New York stayed quietly in the city at its accustomed toil.

Robert Temple came out one day from his solitary lunch at the restaurant. He was feeling uncommonly depressed, and was strolling listlessly up to his office, when some one called his name. Looking up he beheld Lieutenant Cornwell driving a large bay horse in a light racing buggy.

"Hello! Temple! Take a seat, won't you?"

Robert, thoroughly weary of his own company, accepted.

"This is St Albert's turnout," said the lieutenant, flicking his horse lightly with the whip as he sprung over the ground. "He turned it over to me and accepted a seat in Jerome's carryall. Everybody's bound for the races this afternoon but you, and you were looking uncommon seedy, let me tell you, when I came up."

"I was trying to fix my mind," responded Robert, with a laugh. "Reason enough for a man's looking seedy, this weather. I was thinking, or rather I had just strung my energies up to the delicious point of not thinking at all, whether I had best stay in town another night or not."

He inquired of Mrs. Cornwell.

"Mrs. Cornwell is well," replied the lieutenant; "or rather I have reason to suppose she is well. I have been out of town for a few days, and coming home unexpectedly found my wife out. Gone out with a friend for shopping, or lunch, or whatever dreary excitement women are in the habit of resorting to for the purpose of passing away time."

"It's rather a pity she missed this ride—only the dust seems to be rather oppressive," pursued Robert, languidly.

Carriages whirled past. All the fast youth of New York seemed to be out. Every sort of turnout, from the gorgeous establishment of the millionaire, attended by servants in livery, to the hired hack of the stables was to be seen. Clerks in gorgeous neckties glittering with sham jewelry; shop-girls in gay colors, covered with sham jewelry, too, were there. Lovely ladies smiled under the roses of their dainty hats. Scarfs fluttered; the band was playing and the dust, lifting in clouds, settled again on such patches of faint-green dying grass as could take root in Jerome Park, hastening it to its death.

Robert left the buggy and strolled listlessly about. Everybody seemed to be in a state of keen excitement. The race was an unusually fine one, and the betting ran high. He fancied once he caught sight of St Albert's face, then he lost it in the sway of the multitude.

The bell struck from the stand where the judges were assembled. There was a sudden stir, then silence, as shaking the ground with the thunder of their hoofs, the racers flew by; then confusion reigned supreme.

Shouts and cheers filled the air; cries of encouragement and dismay as the backers of the different animals saw a chance of winning or losing on their respective favorites.

Robert, looking on all this rather wearily, became conscious of a disturbance behind him. Looking around, he perceived a lady mounted on a big black horse, which, disturbed by the clamor, was becoming unmanageable. The fair horsewoman had him well in hand, but as the noise increased, he reared so furiously that it became a frightfully serious question whether he would not throw her and himself into the bargain.

Robert obeyed his first instinct, which was to help her, and stepping back, he seized the frightened and unruly beast by the bridle. Patting him and soothing him, he led the quivering animal away out of the press of the crowd. The lady had pulled her veil hastily down as the young man approached to assist her; and now, when he looked up to speak, he saw little but that she had a great profusion of thick, curled, golden hair, looped up under the "chimney-pot" riding hat she wore.

Her veil was very thick, and entirely concealed her face; yet the young man felt instinctively that the face she had so hidden from his gaze was beautiful.

"I think you can manage him now," he said, as he released the grasp he had kept on the bridle. "He will not be apt to cause you any further trouble, though I would not recommend your going too near the drive again."

"Thanks!"

The lady spoke in a low, constrained voice, but low as it was, it struck with a familiar ring on Robert Temple's quick ear. He looked at her closely again; she might have perceived his scrutiny; with a nervous hand, she held her veil tightly down.

"Thanks! you are very kind, sir. I think, perhaps, I had better ride him off the ground, for fear of further trouble. I am very grateful to you."

She had spoken as little as common decency would permit, in return for the service he had rendered. And yet Robert knew instinctively that her reticence had not been caused by insensibility. A faint thrill of uneasiness had made itself felt in her manner. She had the indescribable, impalpable air of one who wishes to be concealed—who dreads to be detected.

With another slight expression of thanks, she wheeled her horse and rode rapidly off the grounds.

Robert watched her a moment, and then returned to the buggy. He was surprised to see Lieutenant Cornwell staring after the retreating horsewoman, with pale face and strained, wide-open, eager eyes.

"God!" he muttered. "What a resemblance!"

"Resemblance! Do you know, that was what struck me—a sense of something familiar about her. But resemblance to whom?"

"Why, don't you see? Are you blind? To my wife!"

"Your wife?" It was Temple's turn to exclaim now, "Why surely, your wife had not yellow hair when I saw her last time, lieutenant?"

"No, no! you are right," replied the lieutenant, absently, and stroking his dark beard with a trembling hand. "As you say, this woman had yellow hair, and a great quantity of it."

"A great quantity of it! I should think so," returned Robert, unsuspiciously. "Why there was enough of it for three or four wigs."

"Do you know who she is—her name?" he asked, a moment later.

"I heard some one saying she was known as Madame Zelda, the Polish actress," returned the other, moodily. "In fact, I remember now having gone to one of her readings. She is a reader, actress, author, what not. An adventuress, or at least, a masquerader, I suspect."

Two or three men stopped near the buggy just then; they were talking about the mysterious Polish actress.

"Showed herself well in the saddle," said one; "well made up, too."

"These actresses can't get off the notion that they are perpetually before an audience," said the second speaker, cynically. "They're forever posing and showing off. Never miss making a stir."

"It helps their reputation," pursued a third. "Throwing bouquets and kissing hands, and all that. But I say, if that woman ever saw the inside of a Polish drawing-room, I'll eat my hat!"

The lieutenant heard it all, and sat uneasily, turning white and red.

"Shall we go?" he asks at length, impatiently: "I've had about enough of this thing, if you have."

Robert, too, had enough of it. The lieutenant drove swiftly homeward.

"I tell you," he said, frankly, to his companion—"I tell you, Temple, I am a fool. I can't keep that Polish woman out of my head. You will say I am a born idiot, nevertheless I am going home as soon as possible to assure myself with my own eyes that my wife is there."

Robert stared at his friend in simple amazement.

"What! are you thinking of that affair yet? Let me tell you it is my opinion you are making yourself a precious deal of trouble out of nothing."

"Yes, you'll say so; but, I may as well confess it, when you stepped back there, just as you took the bridle of that woman's horse, Madame Zelda looked up. I chanced to meet her eyes, and such an expression as leaped out of them! I can't explain it. It was one of those quick, unguarded looks that betray so much. There was fear in it, and surprise, and a sort of pleading dread. What made me feel it more was, that once or twice I have surprised that same sort of look in my wife's eyes. It was as if something she had long kept hidden were struggling up to the surface, into light."

He stopped. Robert had listened to him more and more surprised.

"Well," he said, "there was something about the woman—I don't know what—something nameless that struck me as familiar. I fancied she was not quite a stranger—but your wife! No! You are all at sea there, Cornwell."

"I hope so."

"You hope so! Why, man alive, can't you reason! Just let me ask you what would be her object in masquerading like that? What has she to gain by it? What inducement could there possibly be for her putting on an uncomfortable wig and dress this hot day, riding miles in the dust, and showing herself to a hot, dusty crowd?"

The lieutenant laughed shortly.

"Every woman is a born actress, you know, Temple," he said—"and I am a suspicious man. However, here we are. You will come in a moment, and I will send a groom round with the horse to St. Albert's stable. Come along—we'll have a glass of wine."

They entered the cool, handsome parlors. Robert laughed a little mischievously to himself when Mrs. Cornwell, looking very lovely in a floating white dress, came joyously to meet her husband.

"You have been out, have you, Rosamond?" asked Lieutenant Cornwell, looking very fixedly in her face.

"Oh, yes. And Frank, dear, if I could have known you were coming, how much annoyance I might have been spared. An hour spent in watching and wasting on the capricious fancies of my friend Beauclerc is too exhausting. His exactions seem to be more numerous every time I go to visit him."

"And you have met no one save this antediluvian drawing-master of yours—this Monsieur Beauclerc?"

Her husband's eyes seem to pierce to her secret soul.

"No, oh no, Frank!" She put her hand on his shoulder, leaned her cheek on it, and then kissed the shoulder. "God bless the dear shoulder I lean on!" she whispered, with humid eyes. "Some day you must come with me and see my old teacher, Frank, but not now, he is too irritable and capricious—but I love him spite of all."

A born actress, was she not! Aye, a born actress!

CHAPTER IX.

A TROUBLED MEETING.

A love story is a difficult story to tell. There is such a rapid play of feeling. The figures remain the same, but the emotions—distrust, anger, pain, adoration, jealousy—shift so repeatedly, the observer is bewildered and fairly out of breath as he looks on and beholds this quick development of feeling. "Love me, I love you," is the keynote struck through all the ages. "I weep because Love goes about the world unloved," sighed the old monk in his dark cell long centuries ago.

When Robert Temple left Lieutenant Cornwell's house he pursued his way thoughtfully homeward. St. Albert whirled past him in a light phaeton. By his side sat a woman, whose florid face and loud style of dress told sufficiently plain what her social status was.

This incident set Robert to thinking of Rose. His cheeks flushed; he clenched his hands tightly when he considered the probability of her being turned over in marriage to such a wretch as this. Oh, if he could only save her! It was a long time now since he had heard from her directly—long, as lovers measure time.

He considered, might he not go to see her to-night? Cornwell had informed him that the Vanes were at Long Branch. Mr. Vane had taken Rose there for a change. She was fitfully ill and excited, and Mr. St. Albert was urging the need of a speedy marriage, that he might take his bride to Europe, and there seek to restore her shattered strength.

All this, told by Frank Cornwell, Robert had listened to with a reeling brain. He turned it over now in his mind as he strolled along the avenue. He might go down to-night and see her—he must see her. If she were ill and weak, and driven by their urgent solicitations to consent to this contemplated marriage, then it would be his duty to interfere.

Cost what might he would interfere then, and the whole truth should be told.

He had come to this conclusion, when a carriage, driven rather recklessly by its driver, dashed up quickly—so quickly that he was a good deal startled—almost into his face. The driver was St Albert. Robert, recovering himself, looked up, and the eyes of the two young men met. St Albert leaped up, white with rage.

"Spy! sneak!" he shouted. "What are you dogging me in this style for?"

Robert's face grew a shade darker, but he kept his temper well. He would have passed on without answering, but St Albert barred the way.

"I say, you spy, take that! I'll teach you a lesson for dogging a gentleman's footsteps in this way—bah!"

Robert, taking one quick step forward, had caught St Albert by the collar; with one powerful twist of the arm he landed the astonished man on the pavement.

"Drop that!"

The whip which St Albert had raised, and with which he had made a furious movement to strike the other, fell to the ground at this command. He stood cowed and trembling before Robert's white indignant face and flashing eyes.

"Now, down on your knees, you cowardly ruffian!"

St Albert hesitated. If looks could kill, if deadly thoughts could touch like poison the vital part, then Robert Temple would have died that hour.

"Down, I say, before I take you by the neck as I would a dog!"

And at this command St Albert dropped upon his knees there on the pavement in the public street.

Robert took the whip with which St Albert had threatened to strike him, and broke it in three parts, and then contemptuously tossed the pieces at the humbled man's feet.

"There! Now get up if you want to! You have had your lesson. Twice you have in public attacked me. If you venture a third time, by the Lord that made me, I will shake the breath out of your miserable body. Yet why should I soil my hands with touching anything so vile as you? Go your way! It would be beneath a man to cherish thoughts of revenge against such a thing as you!"

He walked away a few steps. During the latter part of this altercation two or three men had made their appearance, coming up the pavement. They were "roughs," men of immense build and herculean strength, and they were whistling "The Rollicking Ghost of Derry," as they came cheerily along, having probably sniffed the scent of battle from afar.

St Albert caught sight of them. Robert thought he had crushed the serpent, but it came to life now, and reared on its tail and hissed. He beckoned the roughs up.

"A hundred dollars," he shouted, "for the man that wants to earn it! I'll give a hundred dollars to the one of you that will give that fellow yonder a whipping! I can't fight him, and he has insulted me."

Robert stopped and faced about. The men looked at each other inquiringly, while "The Rollicking Ghost of Derry" came to a sudden end.

"A hundred dollars!" shrieked St Albert, who seemed to be beside himself with passion. "A hundred dollars to the man that will whip him! Here's your money!"

He tore a purse from his pocket. Robert stood there calmly looking on, his face white, his teeth set.

"Don't," he said, in a low voice—"don't push this thing any farther for your own sake—I warn you!"

"At him!" shouted St Albert. "At him, I say!"

He stamped his foot down and looked murderously cruel.

One of the roughs took off his coat.

"Well, here goes!" he growled. "I can't stand by and see good money like that lost! I'm in for the hundred dollars!"

He spat on his hands. He was known as "Shoo-Fly Billy," because he was fond of blacking his face with burnt cork, and performing that sable melody to small but select audiences of his friends. They cheered him on now.

"Go in, Shoo-Fly! Good for you! Ye won't have to black your face with cork to night, like enough!" and so on.

Robert pulled the pistol that he carried about him forward a little, so that it might be handy to reach if he were driven to extremities; then he waited.

"Look out, now!"

The man made a sudden rush forward. The conflict was a short one, and at the end of it, Robert Temple stood calmly erect, flushed, flashing above his antagonist, who lay with a bloody face extended on the pavement. He did not seem inclined to get up, either, to renew the battle he had so quickly lost.

"Are there any more of you?" Robert asked, scornfully. He turned back the cuffs of his sleeves, smiling a little to himself; one thought was in his mind—"what would Rose say if she were to see this!" The low sun shone full into his face as he stood there calling out, carelessly:

"Come on, then—let us fight it out."

"At him!" shouted St. Albert. "Shame on you; are you going to let that one man conquer the three of you?"

The men looked at each other irresolutely; the trouble probable was that they were not in the mood for fighting. There was no excitement in this sort of thing; they needed the stimulating noggin of whiskey, which would have warmed their blood to the work, while Robert's prowess in so gallantly "settling" Shoo Fly Billy, and the careless air with which he stood there defying them, filled them with genuine admiration, and more than ever disinclined them for the work urged upon them.

"Cowards!" shouted St. Albert, in a sudden black tempest of fury. "You are cowards, all of you; I'll do the work myself!"

He made a movement forward in the act of springing upon Robert; the "rough" nearest to him caught him by the shoulder and whirled him round, it was only a half second or so—a breathing space, and the work was done. A long slim blade of steel flashed in St. Albert's hand; it was the knife with which he had threatened Robert Temple in the Vanes' parlor the night when first they met there; it flashed in the air—descended, and then the man staggered back and fell upon the pavement, with jets of blood spurting on his clothing.

There was a sudden loud shrill outcry down the street. Those who up to this time had looked on quietly, now gave the alarm, and filled the air with shouts of "Murder!" "Fire!" "Police!"

St. Albert, quickly as a panther bounds, now leaped into his carriage. He caught up the lines and shouted to his boy to fall back out of the way. The horses sprang forward at the word of command; but Shoo Fly Billy, who by this time had staggered to his feet, flung himself on the track in front, and catching the terrified animals by the bits, clung to them with tiger-like ferocity.

With a furious oath, St. Albert raised his whip and lashed the struggling, champing beasts with merciless fury. They plunged forward, and Shoo Fly, loosing his hold, rolled over, trampled on in the dust. Still standing up in his seat, St. Albert urged his flying horses on. He was wise enough not to pursue a straight course down the avenue, but turned the first corner, knowing that once out of sight the chase would not be so hot. And he was right. "Out of sight out of mind." There was better quarry on the ground, and the crowd returned to the man who had given of his blood to glorify the hour.

After the conflict was over two or three policemen came and gathered up the fragments; the injured man was carried to the nearest drug-store, where his wound was dressed. It was not a serious one; the knife had slashed across the wrist, cutting the veins and letting a good deal of hot blood out. A reporter sauntered up for a paragraph, which

duly appeared in the evening papers, and that—so far as the world knew—was the end of it. As for Robert Temple, when he was at length free to pursue his own way, he hurried to his lodgings. He was fully determined now to make a hasty visit to Long Branch, to see Rose; if only for one brief moment, yet he would see her—would rest his aching eyes with a sight of her dear face. He was morally sure St. Albert would stay in the city for the night, and the coast would be clear. So he made a hasty, careful toilet, and hurried to catch the boat. "Haste thee, lover, haste away," the sweet old song sings. And Robert hurried on.

Myriad stars were shining in the soft, moonless heaven when he left the steamboat landing and made his way to the hotel where he knew the Vanes were stopping. He heard the swell of music, the tripping of a valse tune, and looking into the crowded parlors from the long balcony, he saw the changing figures of the dancers; he saw one other, too! A dear figure, pale, drooping, listless; the soft, fair, rounded arms were crossed idly in her lap, while this dear figure sat apart in an arm-chair, like a pink rose set in a big green cup; the little head with its curled masses of careless chestnut hair, drooped listlessly. It had a tired air, this dear and lovely figure. It seemed to say, I am so tired!—I am so tired!

"Rose!"

He whispered the name, sure that she would hear it. He knew she would; though he had only whispered her name lowly, under his breath, he knew that she would hear and respond, and come to him.

"Rose!"

Rosalind Vane, sitting lonely in the midst of that gay crowd, lifted her fair head suddenly and looked about her. Robert Temple, standing without on the balcony watching her, noted the quick color that crept into her pale cheeks, the eager light that burned in her soft eyes. He took a step forward and then she saw him. She rose up—she could never tell afterwards how she reached him, but a moment more and she was folded to Robert's heart, her dear arms round his neck, her fair head resting on the faithful heart that beat alone for her.

"Robert—Robert! how kind it was of you to come. Did you guess how much I wanted you—how lonely I was—how driven to extremities? Oh, I was waiting, dreading *his* coming, and to think 'twas you—*you* who came!"

She whispered a few words in his ear, afraid even that the winds might hear and betray her—and he held her closer to his heart, muttering fierce maledictions under his breath, while she sobbed and cried, and held his dear hand to her lips and kissed it.

He found a shawl somewhere, which he wrapped about her; and then he led her away to a seat on a broad gravel promenade overlooking the sea, that washed up close and warm about their feet. Low in the west a rim of yellow moon hung; a thousand stars white and clear, sparkled above, a thousand stars below.

"Rose," he said, tremulously, "how many times I have thought and dreamed and planned an hour of meeting for us. Night after night have I kept awake thinking of it, and sometimes I despaired of meeting at all; but now that the hour has come I so prayed for, I swear I almost wish it had not, because the pain of parting will be so great."

"No!" she said, quietly, "that pain you will not suffer; you will take me back with you, Robert, when you go!"

His heart leaped at the dear prospect, but he checked his crowing impulse to obey her, and let his better judgment speak.

"Papa is gone up to the country," she said, wistfully. "I don't want to stay here any longer, alone; let me go back with you."

"Go back with me? That would be folly, indeed, the dearest, sweetest folly in the world, perhaps, but, for all that, folly."

"We have been foolish once before," said the grave, sweet voice beside him. "And, Robert, you will let me go. St. Albert will be here to-morrow; Robert, don't leave me here to his mercy—take me back to New York. Judith Price is there in the house and will take care of me. Don't leave me here for that man to worry with his importunities. Hortense can follow to-morrow with my things."

"But, are you not afraid of—of Mrs. Grundy?" he asked, putting the doubts that were in his mind as delicately as he could. "You know it is not exactly the custom for ladies, young ladies, too, to travel about in that way in the care of unattached gentlemen."

He spoke with as light a manner as he could assume. He bravely fought with that wild desire of his that she should act on this first unquestioned impulse of Rose to return with him. He bravely suggested to her his doubts of the wisdom of her plan. The world, ever censorious, would not speak too gently of such an escapade; her good name might be tarnished forever. And yet he desired, as much as he ever desired anything in his life, to have her go with him; to have her by his side for a few hours longer; to hold her hand and look into her face, and know that he had got her all to himself at last, where none could interfere. His quick imagination led him on. One would have thought the journey was to last a lifetime instead of a night.

"You are not afraid of ill-natured tongues when the world has found out that you go from Long Branch to New York with me—alone!" he asked, and then he waited eagerly for her answer. He knew well enough—nay, he was morally sure, that, if she had been possessed of the ordinary clear sense and good mind, she would never once have proposed such a plan.

"Afraid!—no. How should the world know anything about it. How should people, ill-natured people such as you speak of, find it out?"

Robert was silent. He heard the water lapping soft below; he saw the white stars far above looking down and watching; were they, too, waiting to hear the girl decide her fate and his? She stood there by his side, clinging to him with soft touches of her hands, looking up into his face, entreatingly! God, how still the night was!

"You will take me with you, Robert?"

"Well, then!" he said, roughly, "Come! I suppose we have not much time to lose;" he tried to distinguish the hands on his watch in the faint star and moonlight. "I think we had better catch the excursion boat that comes down after the races; it will be better than to wait for the regular morning boat, and will land us in the city, with an hour or so to rest before I go to my work."

The girl hesitated, looking wistfully in his face. Now that she had obtained his consent, for which she had been so eager, she veered about, woman-like, and began half to regret her precipitation.

"You won't think this bold and unmaidenly in me?" she asked. "If papa were here he would take me; but he will not be back with us for two or three days; and meantime St. Albert will come, and I shall be like wax in his hands. He knows it, too. He tries to make me afraid of him. He likes to reduce me, to see me crouch and tremble. Oh, Robert, what a coward I am, not to rise up and fling off his tyranny, and bid him go and never return again!"

Robert Temple set his teeth together hard, listening to this.

"Come," he said, roughly, "let us go! Yes, you shall go with me! Come!"

"You are not very gentle about it," she said, rather frightened by his harsh tone. "You don't think I am bold and unmaidenly in this, as you said about the letters? Do you think ever about those letters, Robert?"

"I think," he responded, harshly, "if earth and hell are leagued against us now, that Heaven, at least, is on our side. Our marriage was surely made there, and some good angel wrote the letters that brought me to you."

"Do you think so? Well, I hope everything will be made clear by and by. But, Robert, if it ever is, if the history of that day—our secret story—is ever told to the world! I am such a coward, I know that I shall skulk and hide myself, and then if papa is very angry, I am sure that I shall deny it all, and insist that it is an hallucination of yours. Ah, Robert, maybe it is, too!"

It was in the early hours of the new dawning, that Rose, sitting by Robert Temple's side on the steamer's deck, wrapped up and dozing with her head on his shoulder, suddenly started awake and cried out, trembling:

"Robert, what was that! I heard a sound as of a body falling in the water, and then a woman's voice crying for help. Oh, somebody is drowning! Where is it! Who!"

She looked wildly about her. She was trembling from head to foot. Robert drew her back in the chair.

"Hush!" he said; "you have been dreaming. You are frightened. Hark how quiet everything is."

"I heard it!" She shuddered. "I did hear it—a woman's voice—crying help. What time is it, Robert? Oh, I am so tired!"

"Four o'clock. Time we were in New York, too. Ah! here we are."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POLITENESS AND PUNCTILIO.

We have but a low opinion of etiquette books. The politeness that is dealt out by weight and measure seems to us of a very poor quality. Yet we know that there are many very good people to whom written laws of etiquette are as sacred as the Ten Commandments. Their only source of disquiet in regard to them is that there does not seem to be any one generally recognized set of commandments in regard to the daily recurring trifles, most of which involves an etiquette of a more complex kind than that which decrees that we shall not eat with our knives, or lean our elbows upon the dinner table.

Visiting and calling etiquette is one of these things. Each social clique has its own unchangeable ideas in regard to what is or is not etiquette in the matter of calls; and many have been the heart-burnings and jealousies caused by misunderstandings of these conflicting codes. Especially is this the case in those smaller towns, which it is just now our republican affectation to call provincial. Mrs. Jones takes with her into some small Western city the notions of etiquette which she learned in some small Eastern city. She acts strictly upon her own code, severely disregarding that of the place into which she has come. Her new neighbors, with an equal degree of righteous inflexibility, adhere to their code. Politeness—which Lord Chatham well defined to be "benevolence in trifles"—withdraws her flag of truce, indignant at the ill-usage she receives at the hands of the two conflicting etiquettes, and discord reigns supreme.

The family of Mrs. Jones (in addition to certain male beings who, considered in this relation, do not count for much) consists of herself, her unmarried sister, and their mother. Their next-door neighbor, Mrs. Clarke, promptly upon the advent of the Joneses, calls upon them, asking at the door only for Mrs. Jones; as she, Mrs. Clarke, has been educated in the belief that a call upon the female head of a family implies a similar courtesy to all of its female members. Mistaken Mrs. Clarke! She has mortally offended not only the ladies, for whom she omitted to directly inquire, but also Mrs. Jones, who resents the supposed affront to her relatives, and the before-mentioned male beings who must, perforce of gallantry, espouse the cause of the ladies of their family. Mrs. Jones feels herself, in etiquette, bound to return the call of Mrs. Clarke; but, "to sustain her dignity," does so only by dropping an icicle of a visiting card at the latter's door. In due time Mrs. Clarke, in her turn, affronted by the cool reception of her proffered cordiality, returns the icicle, and with such periodical exchanges the social intercourse of the Joneses and Clarkes begins and ends.

As the belief of Mrs. Clarke, that a call by a lady upon the female head of a family implies one upon all of its female members and guests who are ready or willing to receive her, is shared by all of her townspeople, it being one of the ten or twenty etiquette commandments to whose sacred observance they were all educated, Mrs. Jones soon finds herself left in a socially very cool place. If she is "sure she never saw so ill-bred and disagreeable a set of people" as her new neighbors, she is probably as correct as the same neighbors when they declare that they "never met so vulgar and altogether disagreeable a family as those Joneses."

Both parties have totally forgotten that etiquette is not an end, but a means, and that the end sought is the very simple one of giving and getting as much happiness as possible during our little stay together in this world; in other words, carrying into practice the Golden Rule.—*Scribner for December.*

SIT in your own place, and no man can make you rise.

HIS SECOND INHERITANCE!

By FREDERICK TALBOT.

Author of the "Winning Hazard," "Tottie's Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER X.

A SUDDEN CALL.

"Here's the banker's carriage come to meet us," said Petworth, as the train stopped at Fordham Station. "Upon my soul, that's thoughtful of Bradshaw!"

There was a considerable crowd at the station that morning, for the sale at Wilfordhurst brought a good many people down from London. The railway 'bus was crowded from roof to steps, all the regular flies that plied from the station were taken up, and the few irregular vehicles that appeared only at times of steeple-chases, flower-shows, confirmations, or other occasions of local excitement, had been seized upon ere the train had well stopped. Petworth was therefore pleased to find a vehicle in readiness for him, and was dragging Olivia through the press towards it, when he saw his elderly gentleman with two young ladies on his arm make for the carriage door and enter the vehicle, respectfully saluted by the servants in attendance.

"Hi!" cried Petworth to the footman, poking at him with his stick in his excitement; "you John Thomas, is not Mr. Bradshaw's carriage here for me—for Mr. Petworth?"

"No, it ain't," said John Thomas, sulkily, wiping off from his sleeve the impression of the ferule of Petworth's stick. "We don't know no such party;" and he climbed up to the coach-box, the carriage rolling luxuriously away.

"That's strange," said Petworth, a little disconcerted. "Station-master," he cried, seizing that official by the arm, "who is that just gone off in Bradshaw's carriage?"

"Mr. Arthur Wilford and his daughters or nieces; they say he's going to buy the estate, sir."

"The deuce!" said Petworth between his teeth. "Well, come along, Olivia, we must walk—it isn't far; I've got to meet the banker at the White Hart, and I'll give that rascally servant something to remember me by."

They trudged along a rather muddy road some half a mile to Fordham. Petworth had previously secured a private room at the White Hart, and Ludwick, his legal adviser, was waiting there to receive him. But no banker. Instead of Mr. Bradshaw in person, there was a note from him, addressed to Petworth, which he broke eagerly open. He frowned and turned a little pale with anger as he read it. Then he flung it over to Ludwick.

"All off, eh?" said the latter laconically, after having perused the note carefully. "Well, I fancied as much from what I heard this morning."

"What did you hear?—Oh, you may speak out, Ludwick—this is my daughter Olivia."

"Well, I heard," said Ludwick, making an awkward inclination of the head towards Olivia, who on her part took not the slightest notice of him, "I heard that an uncle of the party had come forward and offered to buy the estate right out."

"Yes, but the money—the money!" said Petworth. "The banker wants the ready, and here it is waiting for him: this other fellow can't pay down eighty thousand."

"They've squared that amongst 'em," said Ludwick. "A noble lord came forward, they say, with fifty thousand, and paid it into the bank—on purpose—on purpose——"

"Well, what?" cried Petworth, angrily, "what?"

"To keep Mr. Petworth out of the county, they said," replied Ludwick, with a quiet smile.

Petworth ground out an intricate but not distinctly audible oath, and paced the room up and down in violent heat and impatience.

"Well," he cried at last, buttoning up his overcoat and setting his hat firmly down on his head, "they've stolen a march on me. Never mind that; my turn will come next, eh? Livy, we'll go on to the sale now."

Meantime the reception of the Wilfords was, as we have seen, and as was no doubt perfectly natural, of a much more cordial nature. Mrs. Bradshaw had met them in the state carriage, and they were taken to the bank-house, where an elegant collation awaited them, and profuse hospitality. Then, whilst Arthur Wilford and the banker went into business matters with the lawyers, Mrs. Bradshaw drove the girls over to Wilfordhurst, where their uncle was to join them when his business was finished.

The day was rather damp and chilly, and the wind howled drearily through the wide-open doors and adown the decorated corridors of Wilfordhurst.

"Ah," said Audrey, shuddering as she crossed the threshold, "I don't think I shall like this place, it is so gloomy." She thought regretfully of the snug warm London house with its bright gay outlook, whilst this was like a mausoleum of many chambers.

"But it is a noble house," said Mrs. Bradshaw, reproachfully; "you will see it under very different auspices by-and-by. Of course, everything looks dismal at the time of a sale. Come this way, my dears: there is a little room here looking over the lawn, where they have put a fire and made things comfortable, and it is reserved exclusively for 'the quality.'"

This was the chamber known as that of the old Squire—the one where the picture hung of the scarlet-coated squire and the dogs with stiff, elevated tails. Here, indeed, they found a select gathering of the neighboring aristocracy. Lord and Lady Bagshot, Sir John Plummet and the six Miss Plummets, and several others. Lord Bagshot had stationed a policeman at the door to keep off all intruders, and here they were, seated over a good warm fire, discussing the affairs of the neighborhood. A few of the younger members of the ring came in and went out at intervals, keeping the rest *au courant* with the progress of the sale.

Mrs. Bradshaw procured for her charges a seat in the charmed circle, and whisperingly introduced them to Lady Bagshot as the nieces of Mr. Arthur Wilford, the purchaser of the estate, and its future heiresses. Lady Bagshot received them very graciously.

"So glad, my dears," she said, "that we are to be neighbors, and such a nice arrangement. We were afraid that we were to have new people here—a sporting lawyer, of all the misfortunes in the world; but happily your papa—your uncle is it, dears?—has come forward to save us."

Then the conversation became general, and everybody agreed that it was an excellent thing for the county that the old family were still to remain established at Wildfordhurst.

"As for poor Westley," Sir John remarked, "we shall never hear of him again. People do say, though, that this money-lending fellow means to marry him to his daughter—deuced handsome girl, too, they say; keep him, I suppose, as a sort of decoy duck."

Everybody laughed at this except poor Audrey, who turned quite white, and was collecting all her energies for some vindication of Westley, when the attention of every one was diverted by the sounds of an altercation outside.

"Not come in here?" said a voice, pitched in a high key of indignation; "and pray, why not? Reserved for the gentlefolks, indeed! Aren't we as good gentlefolks as any of them? Come along, Olivia; follow me. I should like to know who's master here!"

Next moment, Mr. Petworth appeared in the room, with Olivia on his arm.

"I should like to know," he asked, indignantly, "who has taken upon himself to place a policeman at the door here to keep people out? I am the execution creditor."

"Ah!" said Lord Bagshot, surveying Mr. Petworth, calmly. "You are the execution creditor. I should have thought something of the kind. We had this room set apart just for ourselves, you know, and *I* placed Jenkins at the door to preserve us from intrusion. However; as our little plan has failed, we'll leave you in possession of all your rights. Lady Bagshot, will you come along, please?"

Every one followed Lord Bagshot's lead, and filed out of the room, except the banker's wife, who, being only a banker's wife, did not feel herself entitled to give herself airs with a man who was worth so much money; with her, of course, remained the Wilford girls.

"Come to the fire, Olivia; come and warm your toes," cried Petworth, placing an easy-chair by the fire.

Olivia was quite dazed and frightened at the scene that had just passed, and sat down, shaking like a leaf. Audrey made room for her by her side, and looked at her with some little compassion and a good deal of interest.

"Lord Bagshot is a very hasty man," said Mrs. Bradshaw, in a sort of apologetic manner. "He is often very rude out of mere thoughtlessness; but no one regrets it more than he afterwards."

"I don't value your Lord Bagshot a pinch of snuff, ma'am," said Petworth, angrily; "a fellow whose acceptance I would not take for fifty pounds—a set of beggarly upstarts."

"Papa, don't talk like that," said Olivia, shivering. "If people don't like our company, why should they stay in it?" But here, all of a sudden, her composure gave way, and she burst into a flood of tears.

"What's the matter with the girl now," cried Petworth, angry still. "Breaking down before the enemy?"

Mrs. Bradshaw kindly produced her smelling-salts, but Olivia waved her away.

"I will run and get her a glass of water," said Audrey, rising, "if you will tell me where I shall look for the housekeeper, Mrs. Bradshaw."

"Nothing of the kind," said Olivia, who had now recovered herself a little. "I don't want anything but to be left alone."

"Ah! are you there?" cried a voice in the doorway—the weak but cheerful voice of Arthur Wilford. "Well, I have done the deed; I have signed the contract. Ah!" he cried, sinking his voice as he saw Petworth; "I did not notice that there was anybody else here. Come along, ladies, please. There is a lot of old porcelain just coming on that I want your advice upon."

Then Petworth and Olivia were left in possession of the field—a barren honor, which afforded neither of them much satisfaction.

The excitement of the day, and the new and agitating considerations attending the momentous step he had taken, proved in the end rather over-much for Mr. Arthur Wilford's strength. He looked very gray and feeble as he stepped out of the banker's carriage at the station on his way home. He had declined several pressing invitations to dine and spend the night at Fordham; for he was anxious to find himself once more under his own roof. Now that he had taken the decisive step and committed himself to the purchase of Wilfordhurst, he seemed full of anxiety and worry.

"Telegraph to Framlingham," he said to Audrey as they waited for the train. "Tell him to come up to Avenue gardens to-night without fail, to dine and talk business. Send one telegram to the office and one to the house; and if Framlingham should be away his clerk is to come."

He seemed easier in his mind when this was done, and dozed off by the fire in the waiting-room. But when he awoke at the coming up of the train he was a little confused and incoherent, and could hardly tell where he was. Comfortably settled again in a corner seat, he went off to sleep again, and nothing occurred to rouse him till they reached the arrival platform in London, where Audrey took his arm to awaken him. The arm she took yielded to her touch, and then dropped lifelessly down. A sudden awe seized possession of her. His head had fallen forward; his eyes were glazed. At the moment when the collector put his head in at the window and demanded the tickets, Audrey gave a loud cry of alarm. Her uncle was dead.

CHAPTER XI.

FAITHFUL SERVICE.

"This is a very sad visitation that has come upon you, my dear young ladies," said Mr. Framlingham, in his most soothing tones. "But we have the satisfaction of reflecting that our departed friend was fully prepared—all his affairs in excellent order, and every disposition made that prudence could prompt. I don't know really what he should want with me this particular evening; some trifling rearrangement, I suppose. However, I am glad that I am here, if only to assure you, my dear young ladies, of my sympathy and grief for my respected old client; as well as to put your minds at ease as to the future, which I break no confidence in saying you will find abundantly provided for."

His speech ended, Mr. Framlingham took his leave of the sorrow-stricken girls and went down-stairs to dinner. Dinner had been prepared—Framlingham had abandoned all other chances of dinner to come to Avenue gardens—and there was no reason why the dinner should not be eaten. Martin, indeed, insisted on it; his master would have had it so, he knew, if he could speak. Martin waited behind Framlingham's chair with a white grieved face, but spared no pains to make the solitary guest comfortable.

"Yes, a glass of the old and dry after the soup, Martin. Thank you," said Framlingham. "Ah, Martin, I wish our old friend could join me! He's in a better world, no doubt, Martin, by this time. But I think he'll regret the old and dry, eh, Martin?"

"Ah, sir," said Martin, "I think if he could have had a glass of that wine, sir, at the moment when life was just on the wing, sir, as you might say——"

"Very likely, Martin, very likely," said Framlingham. "Yes, it will be a great loss to you, Martin, after all these years. Why, you were with Mr. Arthur in Spain, were you not?"

"I was, sir."

"Ah, there are some nice girls out there, Martin—charming donnas, eh?" asked Framlingham, with the nearest approach to a wink that was decorous under the circumstances.

"It's generally considered so, sir," replied Martin, cautiously. "For my part, sir, I don't pretend to be a judge."

"I wonder your master did not find a wife out there. He wasn't insensible to the fair sex, I should say, eh, Martin?"

"Oh, I think Mr. Arthur had his affairs *de cure*, sir," said the butler. "Champagne, sir?"

"No, chablis, Martin. Ah, you think that, eh? Well, it is very well for the young ladies up-stairs that nothing more came of it."

"The young ladies will be left very well off, sir, I expect?" asked Martin cautiously, removing the fish and offering to the guest a dish of cutlets.

"What's the roast, Martin; gigot, eh? Well, I know our poor old friend's mutton of old; ah, that he was here to share it! Yes, Martin, some gigot."

"And the young ladies, sir?" asked Martin again, as he brought an appetising slice of roast mutton to the lawyer. "They are left well off, sir?"

"No doubt of that, Martin—not a doubt."

"Glad to hear it, sir. I was afraid master was going off about that stupid estate, sir, and that the young ladies might suffer for it."

"Well, as things have turned out, it's very well that went no farther. The young ladies will be much better off with the money than the land; and now there's an end of all the Wilfords, Martin."

"All but Mr. Westley, sir."

"Ah, I don't count him; he doesn't weigh for anything with me."

"He do with Miss Wilford, sir," said Martin significantly.

The lawyer nodded his head and frowned.

"It's no use saying anything about that; all that's disposed of, Martin. I have it from the best authority. What have you got there, Martin; no game, surely?"

"Nice young guinea-fowls, sir."

"As good as pheasants, every bit, Martin; and I'll take a glass of burgundy with that, Martin."

"And a bottle of port with your cheese, sir? You like that '51 port of ours, sir."

"So I do; Martin; a nice, clean wine, and no mistake. Yes, I think, after the shock and so on, and the grief and all that, a few glasses of that port will really do me good."

The butler wheeled Mr. Framlingham's arm-chair to the fire, placed a little round table handy to his elbow, opened a bottle of the famous port, and then withdrew to his own little closet, where he, too, endeavored to avert the consequences of the shock to his nerves from the late catastrophe by a few glasses of the old and dry and the perusal of the *Times*.

After a while, Martin put down the *Times* and began softly to polish his wine-glasses; thinking a little about the qualities of his deceased master, and a good deal of his own future prospects. Martin was tired of service. He had saved some money and was looking forward to spending the rest of his days in retirement; but much would depend upon his late master's will. Was there a decent legacy for him? He had burned to approach the subject whilst he was waiting upon Mr. Framlingham at dinner, but his sense of propriety had restrained him. Now, however, that the lawyer had been duly warmed by his port, perhaps he would be more communicative. Martin determined that he would go and see if the fire were burning well, or if the decanters needed replenishing.

He found the lawyer leaning back in his arm-chair in a profound slumber. He had, before he slept, had some thoughts of business. He had opened his black bag and taken out some papers, one of which, spread open before him, he had apparently been studying, when the slumberous spirit of the hour had overcome him. Martin peered over the shoulder of the sleeping man and read the heading of it. Yes; it was the very document of so much importance to him—his master's will. How anxiously he strained his eyes and his intelligence in deciphering that side of the sheet that lay exposed. But he could make nothing of it. Then he keenly scrutinised the lawyer's face, still calm and impassive in sleep. He might venture to turn it over. Of course, legacies to humble individuals, such as he, would come at the very end. If he began at the signatures and looked out for all the names that occurred, he could hardly fail to find his own if it were really there.

Ah, joyful sight! There it was, reposing in its own particular paragraph, like a jewel in its special casket, with an "also" before it in big rotund letters.

"Also, I give and bequeath to my faithful servant, John Martin, his heirs and assigns, the sum of one thousand pounds, as a recompense and acknowledgement for his past faithful services."

Martin put down the paper and wiped his eyes with the napkin he carried under his arm.

"The dear, kind master!" he said. "I never knew the worth of him till now."

In his emotion, he upset a wine-glass, which fell upon the floor and broke with a loud crash. Framlingham awoke with a start.

"What! old friend!" he cried. "Oh!" And then he came to the knowledge of where he was, gathered his papers together, and replaced them in the black bag. "Egad! I thought, for the moment, Martin, that the poor deceased was sitting there just opposite to me. Well, I must go, Martin. I must find my way to Bloomsbury. It's a fine night, and I'll walk."

"I shall get you a carriage, sir," said Martin, resolutely; "master would have insisted on it. No, sir; you shan't stir without. The stables are close by, and it will be ready in five minutes."

Martin had his own way, and rode outside on the box to the lawyer's residence in Bloomsbury.

"Bless me, I'd no idea of this," said Framlingham, as Martin opened the door for him. He was quite touched with this devotion, and felt in his pocket for a douceur.

"No, sir; no!" said Martin, waving it aside with a new-born dignity. "Everything is settled for, sir. You've got the black bag quite safe? That's right, sir."

Martin's assiduities did not cease till he had seen the door close upon Mr. Framlingham and his black bag. It was so highly important that nothing untoward should happen to that interesting receptacle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REVIEWER.

NEW MUSIC.

From S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio:

Piano Treasures. A collection of new Piano-Forte Music, consisting of Waltzes, Fantasias, Romances, Nocturnes, Polkas, Galops, Mazurkas and elegant Piano Pieces by the best writers in Europe and America. Two hundred and twenty-four pages. Price, bound in boards, $2 50; in cloth, $3 00; in cloth, full gilt (an elegant gift edition), $4.00. This is the best collection of piano-forte music published in years. Every piece is a gem. No more useful and appropriate gift for a musical friend can be found than this collection of "Piano Treasures."

Song Treasures. A companion volume to "Piano Treasures," consisting of charming Songs. Every song in this volume is NEW. Among the authors will be found such names as Pinsuti, Campana, Burnap, Lafort, Balfe, Gaez, Sullivan, Offenbach, Wrighton, Abt, Levy, Glover, etc., which gives assurance that the Songs are of no ordinary merit. No better collection of vocal music can be found. Two hundred and twenty-four quarto pages. Price, bound in boards, $2 50; in cloth, $3.00; in cloth, full gilt (an elegant gift edition), $4.00.

Also, "Quite An Fait;" by Alfred Lee. "My Pretty Yorkshire Lass;" by W. G. Eaton. "Naughty Young Man;" by A. G. Vance. "Her Wedding;" by Bracey Vane; four of the latest comic songs out. "Pearl of the Morning;" by Karl Merz; for four hands. "Marching Through Georgia" grand march; by E. Mack. "Color Guard March;" from "Drummer Boy of Shiloh;" by F. W. Reinhart. "Woodland Echoes" (four hands); composed by Addison P. Wyman. "Music Among the Pines" (four hands); Evening Reverie; by A. P. Wyman. "Embarrassment;" by Karl Merz. "Sweet Remembrance Waltzes;" by Ricardo Bauit. "In the Depths;" a beautiful song; by Jules Lefort; words by Eben Rexford; "Tender and True;" song; by Jules Lafort. "One Little Word;" song and chorus; by Frank Howard. "Genius Waltz;" composed by E. Mack. "Serenade;" by R. R. Henniores. "Little Pet Waltz;" by Henry M. Brainard.

We have received from Messrs. White, Smith & Co., Boston, the following new music:

The Home Favorite. A very choice collection of New Music for the Piano. Two hundred and thirty pages in all. Fifty different pieces. Every one a GEM. Handsomely bound in cloth, $3 00; full gilt, $4.00.

A very appropriate Holiday gift this charming volume would make.

Also, "The Belvidere Waltzes;" by J. S. Knight; No. 1 of *Playful Hours.* "Cheerful Morning Waltz;" by Wm. C. Wright. "Waiting for Thee;" song; by J. L. Gilbert; words by Thos. Manahan. "Spring Flower" (Impromptu); op. 157; C. Kolling. "The Gipsey Maid;" op. 37; A. Pesca; English words by Louis C. Elson. "The First Kiss Waltz;" by G. Lamotte; for four hands; performed by Gilmore's Band at his garden in New York City.

PRESIDENTS, VICE-PRESIDENTS, AND PRESIDENTS PRO-TEM.

Three Presidents have died in office, namely, Harrison, Taylor and Lincoln. Of the eighteen persons who have held the office of President, Gen. Grant alone survives. Of eighteen persons who have been elected Vice President by the people, Hannibal Hamlin and Schuyler Colfax are the only survivors. George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry, William R. King and Henry Wilson, died in the office. When Harrison died and Vice President Taylor became President, Samuel Southard, of New Jersey, was President *pro tem*, of the Senate *ex officio* Vice President. When Taylor died, Vice President Fillmore succeeded him, Wm. R. King was President *pro tem* of the Senate, and *ex-officio* Vice President. When King died in 1853 after taking the oath of office as Vice President elect. David R. Atchison, of Missouri, was President *pro tem* of the Senate and became *ex-officio* Vice President, and was succeeded in that position by Jesse D. Bright of Indiana, in 1855. When President Lincoln was assassinated and Vice President Johnson became President in 1865, Lafayette Foster, of Connecticut, was *ex-officio* Vice President for a time, and was succeeded in that position by Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio.

CHEAP READING

FOR

WINTER EVENINGS.

We have on hand back numbers of the Poet containing the following excellent stories, which we shall be happy to furnish at the prices given, to any who may be in want of good reading for these long winter evenings. Besides the stories, each number of the Poet is filled with miscellaneous reading matter, in the way of Sketches, Essays, Historical Articles, Illustrations, and a mass of most useful information regarding the Centennial, Agriculture, etc. The Receipts and Scientific Notes alone are worth all we ask. On receipt of price, we will mail them *post-paid* to any address.

Face to Face.	By the author of "Gerald," etc. In 19 numbers. Price	80c.
Persecuted.	By Dr. C. C. Northrop. In 6 numbers	20c.
Dorcas.	By Orphinia R. Charnock. In 8 numbers	25c.
Gentleman Dick.	By Capt. Clowline. In 13 numbers	40c.
Plighted in Peril.	By Chas. Morris. In 18 numbers	50c.
Old Man's Darling.	By Millie Carpenter. In 11 numbers	30c.
Guilty or Not Guilty.	(A Christmas story.) By H. Watson Fleming. In 3 numbers.	10c.
For True Love's Sake.	By Rett Winwood. In 13 numbers	40c.
Gathering to Doom.	By Emerson Bennett. In 16 numbers	50c.
Charon, or the Red Fox.	By Capt. Carnes. In 8 numbers	40c.
Ebony Casket.	By Rett Winwood. In 13 numbers	40c.
Renegade Chief.	By Capt. Howard. In 7 numbers	20c.
Hard Times.	By Burr Thornbury. In 16 numbers	30c.
Gift From Heaven.	By Pierce Egan. In 20 numbers	50c.
Cast Up by the Sea.	By Mrs. Henry Wood. In 19 numbers	50c.
Through Forbidden Paths.	By Clio Stanley. In 10 numbers	30c.
Prairie Prince.	By Buffalo Bill. In 3 numbers	20c.

This is the cheapest reading in the world. *The entire lot mailed, in one package, postage free,* for **$2.00.**

REED, WICKERSHAM & CO., Publishers.

AGRICULTURAL.

To Destroy Lice on Cattle.—Boil until they are soft a dozen or more Irish potatoes in water, and with a large sponge wash the animal thoroughly along the back and behind the ears, choosing a dry day for the purpose. The potatoes may be used for food for poultry, or otherwise.

Coal Ashes for Pear Trees.—Coal ashes have a wonderful vitalizing effect upon pear trees, especially those growing in light soil. Our ashes of last winter were used around these trees in liberal quantities, and those thus treated have outgrown anything in the orchard. Some that were even sickly, and apparently ready to give up their hold on life, have been restored to perfect health by this remedy.—*Peninsular News.*

Early feeding adds flesh more rapidly than late, and puts on a thick covering of fat during the warm weather to protect them during the colder season of the winter. The early fed corn being soft is easily digested and assists the fattening process greatly, as all know who have tried cooked food for stock. We have known many farmers to delay the feeding of their hogs until late in the fall, so that they might save their corn and hit a late market for their pork, but we never knew one to secure the best results in that way.

Maxims for Farmers.—1. It is worth while for all farmers every where to remember that thorough culture is better than three mortgages on their farm. 2. That an offensive war against weeds is five times less expensive than a defensive one. 3. That good fences always pay better than lawsuits with neighbors. 4. That hay is a great deal cheaper made in summer than purchased in winter. 5. That more stock perish from famine than founder. 6. That a horse who lays his ears back, and looks lightning when any one approaches him, is vicious. Don't you buy him. 7. That scrimping the feed of fatting hogs is a waste of grain. 8. That overfed fowls won't lay eggs. 9. That educating children properly is money lent at 10 per cent. 10. That one evening spent at home in study is more profitable than ten lounging about country taverns.

Useful Table.—To aid farmers in arriving at accuracy in estimating the amount of land in different fields under cultivation, the following table is given: 8 yards wide by 968 long contain 1 acre; 10 yards wide by 484 long contain 1 acre; 20 yards wide by 242 long contain 1 acre; 40 yards wide by 121 long contain 1 acre; 80 yards wide by 60½ long contain 1 acre; 70 yards wide by 69⅓ long contain 1 acre; 63 feet wide by 738 long contain 1 acre; 110 feet wide by 396 long contain 1 acre; 220 feet wide by 198 long contain 1 acre; 240 feet wide by 181½ long contain 1 acre; 440 feet wide by 99 long contain 1 acre. A box 24x16 in., 22 deep, contains 1 barrel; a box 16x16½ in., 8 deep, contains 1 bushel; a box 8½x8½ in., 8 deep, contains 1 peck; a box 4x4 in., 4½ deep, contains ½ peck. The standard bushel of the United States contains 2150.4 cubic inches. Any box or measure, the contents of which are equal to 2150.4 cubic inches, will hold a bushel of grain. In measuring fruit, coal and other substances, one-fifth must be added. In other words, a peck measure five times even full, makes one bushel. The usual practice is to "heap" the measure.
—*Germantown Telegraph.*

How to Preserve a Carriage.—A carriage should be kept in an airy, dry coach-house, with a moderate amount of light, otherwise the colors will be destroyed. There should be no communication between the stables and the coach-house. The manure heap or pit should also be kept as far away as possible. Ammonia cracks varnish and fades the color both of painting and lining. A carriage should never, under any circumstances, be put away dirty. In washing a carriage, keep out of the sun and have the lever and of the "sette" covered with leather. Use plenty of water, which apply, where practicable, with a hose or syringe, taking care that the water is not driven into the body to the injury of the lining. When forced water is not attainable, use for the body a large, soft sponge. This, when saturated, squeeze over the panels, and by the flow down of the water the dirt will soften and harmlessly run off, then finish with a soft chamois leather and an old silk handkerchief. The same remarks apply to the underworks and wheels, except that when the mud is well soaked, a soft mop, free from any hard substance in the head, may be used. Never use a "spoke-brush," which, in conjunction with grit from the road, acts like sandpaper on the varnish, scratching it, and, of course, effectually removing all gloss. Never allow water to dry itself on the carriage, as it invariably leaves stains.

Pranks of a Disordered Liver.

A disordered liver plays sad pranks with the digestive organs, the bowels, the kidneys and the blood, and inflicts an infinite variety of unpleasant symptoms upon its unfortunate possessor, among which may be mentioned yellowness of the skin and whites of the eyes, furred tongue, nausea, headache, vertigo, pain in the head, side and stomach, drowsiness by day and unrest by night, difficult evacuation, and even irritation of the bladder and urethra. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters discipline the rebellious organ, and obviate bilious manifestations more rapidly and certainly than anything else, and are far more agreeable and infinitely wholesomer than the violent evacuants with which the bilious often persecute their unfortunate bowels and stomach, under the mistaken impression that they are regulating their livers.

The Westminster of New York.—Chas. Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and many other distinguished visitors to New York, have made their home at the Westminster Hotel, from which fact it may be inferred that the Westminster is one of the most select and comfortable of the New York Hotels. The rates of charges, however, are not higher than those of other first-class houses, but the unexcelled accommodations, the excellent and convenient location, and the comparative quiet of the neighborhood, give it peculiar and decided advantages. It is conducted on the European plan, and located almost in the centre of the city, on 16th Street and Irving Place, but one block from Broadway and Union Square, near the great stores and theatres. See card in advertising columns.

Professor Asher's Select Dancing Academy, southwest corner Twelfth and Chestnut streets, entrance on Twelfth street. All the new and fashionable dances taught. Ladies' and Gentlemen's class Tuesday and Friday evenings; Misses' and Master's Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Private lessons singly or in classes at any hour to suit own convenience. Boston and Glide taught correctly in five lessons. Applications from private residences, schools, seminaries, etc., will at all times receive prompt attention. Ladies and gentlemen desiring it can receive instructions separately, in private class or at their residences. For terms, circulars, etc., apply or address Prof. Asher, Twelfth and Chestnut Streets.

The Rule of "No Cure No Pay."—The oldest and best hernia surgeons in the world, the only lady surgeon on earth skilled in the cure of Ruptures, the only elastic truss worthy of the name, free examination and advice are some of the advantages offered by the Triumph Truss Company, No. 334 Bowery, New York. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

"A Slight Cold," Coughs.—Few are aware of the importance of checking a cough or "slight cold" which would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give sure and almost immediate relief.

RUBBER STAMPS.
Everson & Reed, 36 Vesey St., N.Y.

Wanted.—Agents for Labor Reform suspender, ladies' garment suspender, and the best known inventions for supporting stockings; goods indispensable; agents are earning from $12 to over $150 per week. B. J. Greely, 861 Washington st., Boston.

In order to introduce Goods, samples American Burglar Alarm sent post paid 10 cts. Centennial Novelty, Phila., Pa.

W. L. Hayden, Teacher of Guitar and Flute, Agent for Tilton's Patent Guitars; the best in use. Dealer in Musical Instruments, Music and Strings. Catalogues and price-lists free. 130 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

PEOPLE'S MONTHLY.
Wanted—No. 3 of Vol. 1.
Fifty cents will be given for a copy of the above sent in to us.
Reed, Wickersham & Co.

ESHLEMAN & CRAIG.
SHIRTS
TO ORDER.
No. 821 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
First door below Girard House.
Samples and rules for Self-measurement sent free.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES. SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE
WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.
THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.
In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Douloureux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills
Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.
Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.
DR. RADWAY & CO.,
32 Warren Street, New York.

Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia!
Dyspepsia is the most perplexing of all human ailments. Its symptoms are almost infinite in their variety, and the forlorn and despondent victims of the disease often fancy themselves the prey, in turn, of every known malady. This is due, in part, to the close sympathy which exists between the stomach and the brain, and in part also to the fact that any disturbance of the digestive function necessarily disorders the liver, the bowels and the nervous system, and affects, to some extent, the quality of the blood.
S. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is a sure cure. This is not a new preparation, to be tried and found wanting; it has been prescribed daily for many years in the practice of eminent physicians with unparalleled success; it is not a secret or intended to cure all the diseases in which the human family is subject, but is warranted to cure Dyspepsia in its most obstinate form. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron never fails to cure. Symptoms of Dyspepsia are loss of appetite, wind, and rising of the food, dryness of the mouth, heartburn, distension of the stomach and bowels, constipation, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness and low spirits. Try the great remedy and be convinced of its merits. Get the genuine. Take only Kunkel's, which is put only in $1 bottles. Depot, 259 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. It never fails. For sale by all Druggists and dealers everywhere.

Tape Worm
Removed in a few hours. No fee asked until the entire worm, with head, is expelled. Medicine harmless, being purely vegetable. Consultation free by Dr. E. F. Kunkel, No. 259 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed. Advice free. Send for circular. Go to your druggist and ask for Kunkel's Worm Syrup. Price $1 per bottle. The Worm Syrup never fails.

Patronize the Triumph Truss AND *TRIUMPH* Rupture Cure.
NO. 334 BOWERY, NEW YORK.
THE TRIUMPH TRUSS CO.
ASK NO ADVANCE PAYMENT FOR CURING RUPTURES, AND OFFERS $1,000 REWARD FOR ANY CASE THEY CANNOT CURE!
They employ a First-Class Lady Surgeon. Their Chief Surgeon has had 20 years' unfailing success!
Examinations and Advice confidential and free.
Orders filled by mail. Send for descriptive pamphlet &c.
Dr. C. W. H. BURNHAM,
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.

For Moth Patches Freckles,
AND TAN, ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is reliable.
For Pimples on the Face,
Blackheads or Flesh-worms, use Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine, or consult Dr. B. C. PERRY 49 Bond St., New York. Address Lock Box 5246.

SAFES
MARVIN'S ARE THE BEST.
721 CHESTNUT ST.

$1.00. Read's Presentation Book Store, 307 N. Eighth Street, Philadelphia, we give you an elegant present of silverware, or some handsome and valuable article with every book you purchase of us. Send $1 and let us make selection for you, and we promise to please you both in book and present; or send for catalogue.

Ladies, you can have a clear complexion by using Harrison's Fabian White face-powder. *It is very beautifying in effect, can be used without detection, and does not rub off.* Ask your druggist for it, or send three cent stamp for trial sample. Address Harrison Mfg Co., 13 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

$70 A WEEK. Wanted men of gentle appearance in every part of the United States for an honorable and permanent business guaranteed to pay $70 to $100 weekly in small towns. $1 samples free. Address, with stamp, B. K. Ray & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Boosey's Cheap Music.
Distin's Band Instruments.
Catalogues free by mail.
Boosey & Co., 32 B Fourteenth st., N.Y.

OUR PURCHASING ACENCY.
Every article required in the Household or on the Farm can be ordered through this Agency, and purchased at WHOLESALE PRICES, same as country merchants buy, and sent by Express at reduced prices.
Address
REED, WICKERSHAM & CO.,
726 Sansom Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

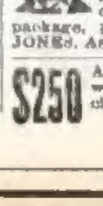
T. F. PHILLIPS,
Importer and Retailer of
FINE DRY GOODS
SIXTH & LIBERTY STS.
PITTSBURGH PA.

THE FARMERS' HOME JOURNAL.
A Record of Agriculture, Live Stock, Horticulture, Botany, and the Kindred Arts and Sciences.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THE HOME JOURNAL is an INDEPENDENT Agricultural newspaper, the equal in every respect of any publication of its class in America. It was established in 1865, and, though not in any sense an organ, it has always been looked to for reliable information regarding the great blooded stock interest of the Blue Grass Region of Kentucky. Besides, all the problems connected with the breeding and improvement of the various domesticated animals are fully discussed in its pages, and every new discovery in this and all other departments of Agriculture promptly chronicled. In order to adapt the paper fully to the wants of the American Farmer, we give
A MISCELLANY OF USEFUL INFORMATION OF A LITERARY OR SCIENTIFIC CHARACTER,
Specially fitted for reading in the Family Circle; and we exclude from our columns everything of an objectionable nature, so that parents can at all times put the paper into the hands of their children, confident that nothing will be found in it of a corrupting or immoral tendency.
THE PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.
THE HOME JOURNAL has the very best facilities for obtaining full and accurate intelligence regarding the movements and action of this great organization; and people at a distance have every assurance that we will act fairly and fearlessly in this regard; for, whilst friendly to the cause, we are also free to tell the truth about each and every part of its movements, and that because we are not fettered as are the so-called organs of the movement.
THE NORTH AND SOUTH.
Then, again, this paper is published on the line between the North and South, and has, therefore, the very best possible opportunities for knowing what is going on in both sections. Our sympathies, of course, are with the people amongst whom we are placed, but we are not in any sense partisans, and it will ever be our aim to encourage peace and harmony, to regard the questions that are now before the country in the light of the present time, and to do all in our power to promote the general prosperity. The demand on the part of the people in the North for reliable information regarding the great agricultural and other resources of the South will be met by us in every possible way.
Improvement after improvement will be introduced by us. The ablest writers will be employed, and our already extensive
CORPS OF REGULAR CORRESPONDENTS
Will be gradually increased, so as to enable us to be equal to every emergency. In a word, we will continue to make a great Agricultural paper adapted to the times, Live, Cosmopolitan, and deserving to be called the FARMER'S HOME JOURNAL, a paper without which no country home will be considered complete.
As next year will be a memorable one in the history of this country, and the demand for information will be greater than it has ever been before, we promise that—in addition to the regular features of this paper—a full account of everything done at the
CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION,
That relates to Agriculture will be discussed, or have its history recorded in the columns of THE HOME JOURNAL.
SUBSCRIPTIONS
May begin at any time. Send post office order for two dollars, and the paper will be forwarded, *postage paid*, from now to January 1, 1877. Sample copies ten cents each. Clubs of five subscribers at $1.50 each. Address
FARMERS' HOME JOURNAL,
118 Jefferson St., Louisville, Ky.

THE INDEPENDENT,
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
Three Dollars Per Year, Postage Free.
We have made an arrangement with
Messrs. BIGLOW & MAIN, and JOHN CHURCH & CO.,
PUBLISHERS OF
MOODY AND SANKEY'S
"GOSPEL HYMNS AND SACRED SONGS,"
to print for us a large and
Special Edition
of this new and immensely popular book.
HANDSOMELY PRINTED, WELL BOUND, GILT-LETTERED, Etc.,
which style of binding can only be procured through
THE INDEPENDENT.
We propose to present a copy, postpaid, to every New and Old Subscriber (not in arrears) to THE INDEPENDENT who will send us $3.00.
Churches, Lecture Rooms, Families, Clubs and Individuals can now have this new Revival Hymn and Tune Book as a *gratuity* by subscribing for or renewing their subscription to THE INDEPENDENT.
We are ready to give away
100,000
of these books on the terms proposed.
THE ELEGANT STEEL ENGRAVINGS
(BY RITCHIE), ENTITLED
"THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION," "AUTHORS OF THE UNITED STATES," AND "CHARLES SUMNER,"
are given to Subscribers as Premiums. *Specimen Copies* of the Paper, containing full List of Premiums, sent *Free*.
HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 2787. No. 251 Broadway, New York.

EXTRAORDINARY.
Before investing in anything whatever, lottery, stocks, lands, etc., etc., send for one of our circulars, which will give full information free. Address,
TAYLOR & CO.,
BANKERS,
11 Wall st., N. Y.

$3 A DAY guaranteed to reliable persons. Send stamp for particulars. Ryan & Co., 113 Vine St., Philada.


Prof. Hall's Magic Compound is the only preparation, one package of which will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury), in 21 days in every case, or money cheerfully refunded. 25 cents per package, postpaid; 3 for 50 cents. E. W. Jones, Ashland, Mass.

$250 A MONTH—Agents wanted everywhere. Business honorable and first class. Particulars sent free. Address J. Worth & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LADIES' FURS AND SEAL SACQUES.
Elegant Presents can be made by selecting from our stock
FUR CAPS AND TURBANS,
GLOVES AND GAUNTLETS
BLAYLOCK & CO.,
HATTERS AND FURRIERS,
824 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

GIVEN AWAY
TO EVERY READER OF THE FAMILY JOURNAL,
"CENTENNIAL AMERICA."
Our Large and Beautifully Tinted Engraving, containing over 200 Historical Views and Portraits of all leading events and personages from the landing of Columbus to the present time, including a magnificent and perfect view of the Centennial Buildings in Fairmount Park at Phila., will be given to the Readers of Our Great Literary and Fashion Paper, the Weekly Family Journal, containing Three Splendid continued Stories, together with short sketches and a large amount of miscellaneous reading. Any Newsdealer will give you a copy free, or address The Family Journal, 292 Broadway, N.Y.
Agents Wanted Everywhere.

"DOMESTIC" SEWING MACHINES.
Liberal Terms of Exchange for Second-hand Machines of every description.
"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS.
The Best Patterns made. Send 5 cts. for Catalogue.
Address DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.
Agents Wanted. 30 NEW YORK.

GRAND CHANCE FOR AGENTS.
Wife No. 19.
ANN ELIZA YOUNG'S NEW BOOK.
BRIGHAM YOUNG'S REBELLIOUS WIFE divulges all the dark secrets of MORMONISM and POLYGAMY. Introduction by John B. Gough and Mrs. Livermore. Agents sell from 10 to 20 every day; Hundreds are doing it, and YOU can do it. The best selling book of the year. 200 ILLUSTRATIONS. Write for Illustrated circulars to nearest Office. DUSTIN, GILMAN & CO., Hartford, Conn., Chicago, Ill., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF THE U. S.
The great interest in the thrilling history of our country makes this the fastest selling book ever published. It contains 442 fine historical engravings and 925 pages, with a full account of the approaching grand Centennial exhibition. Send for a full description and extra terms to Agents. National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

WESTMINSTER HOTEL,
EUROPEAN PLAN,
Cor. 16th Street and Irving Place,
NEW YORK.
The location of this house is one of the most central, yet quiet and retired, in the city. Only one block from Union Square, and in the immediate vicinity of all the principal places of amusement, Stewart's, Tiffany's, Arnold & Constable's, Lord & Taylor's, and other leading retail stores.
CHAS. B. FERRIN, Prop

AGENTS WANTED for our new book on
MOODY & SANKEY
And their Work on Both Sides of the Sea.
By an eminent Chicago divine, a neighbor of Mr. Moody for years, and an eye-witness of and participant in his great revival meetings in England. Endorsed and approved by eminent Christians. Says Prest. Fowler of the North Western University: "*May God grant this book a million readers, and many converts to Christ.*" Send for circulars to
American Publishing Co., Hartford, Conn., or 118 Randolph street, Chicago, Ills.

$15 SHOT GUN
A double-barrel gun, bar or front-action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, and a good shooter, *or no sale*; with Flask, Pouch and a Wad Cutter, for $15. Can be sent C. O. D., with privilege to examine before paying bill. Send stamp for circular to P. POWELL & SON, Gun Dealers, 238 Main st. Cincinnati, O.

ROSES, Eight Beautiful Ever-Blooming Roses, pot grown, sent safely by mail, postpaid, for $1.
SEEDS, 25 Choice Varieties of Flower Seeds sent for $1. Catalogues of Seeds and Plants sent free to all who apply.
BENJ. A. ELLIOTT & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

NASBY
On Inflation.
A New Comic Book by MARK TWAIN'S *only rival.*
PETROLEUM V. NASBY.
Retails at 25 CENTS. Full of funny engravings. AGENTS WANTED. Mail us a *quarter* for sample, or send your address on postal card. BIG SALES! Profits *immense!*
BARCLAY & CO., 21 N 7th St., Philada.

"Psychomancy, or Soul Charming."—How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose, instantly. This simple mental acquirement all can possess, free, by mail, for 25 cents; together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies! A queer book. 100,000 sold. Address, T. WILLIAMS & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

All About Kansas.
Its soil, its climate, its products, its people. The Kansas Farmer, an 8-page weekly, in its 14th year, gives reliable information. Price, 1 year, $2; 6 months, $1. Copies of the *Farmer* and *American Young Folks*, a Boys' and Girls paper, both for 10 cents.
J. K. HUDSON, Topeka, Kansas.

LADIES
Who wish to make money at home, send stamp for particulars to E. HARRIS & CO., 849 Broadway, New York.

Photos of Actresses, Love Scenes, etc., 10 for 25c., 100 for 25c. S. H. LUDDEN, E. Lincoln, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED. Salary or Commission. Address, Cowan & Co., Eighth St., New York.

FREE Sample to Agents! Needed in every family. Large profits! Send Stamp. E. MIKOLAS, New Bedford, Mass.

MONEY FOR ALL.—Latest and most popular selling novelties and chromos. Address, for circulars, NATIONAL NOVELTY CO., 400 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

$77 A WEEK to Agents, Old and Young, Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and OUTFIT FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

READERS Writing to advertisers who advertise in The Saturday Evening Post please say where you saw the advertisement.

AGENTS 20 Elegant Oil Chromos mounted, size 9x11, for $1. Novelties and chromos of every description. National Chromo Co., Phila., Pa.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. True & Co., Augusta, Me.

THIS WILL NOTIFY THE PUBLIC
Of our intention to put *new* and *lower* prices on much of our Stock.
THE YEAR'S CLOSING OUT SALE
will commence at half-past six o'clock, each week-day morning, and continue until our Fall and Winter Stock is sold.
THE MAIN FACT IS:
We have made up too many Overcoats and Suits for this year, and to transfer our Stock into Cash needed for preparation for 1876, we will make certain *sacrifices* which will be apparent on and after Wednesday, December 1st, when we shall have gone through our Salesrooms and cut off Profits, and even a part of the cost, from many of our present prices.
To be very exact in stating this matter, as we don't intend that any advertisement or custom of our house shall mislead the public in the least particular, we think it proper to say that this Mark Down, while it applies to
A THOUSAND AND MORE OVERCOATS,
A THOUSAND AND MORE BUSINESS COATS,
HUNDREDS OF DRESS COATS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND VESTS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND PAIRS OF PANTS,
and extends throughout our house, yet there are some lots to which as they have already been marked at close prices we shall make no change.
We desire to announce that this is our final and
ONLY MARK DOWN THIS SEASON,
So that none need wait for Lower Prices. The step we take will wonderfully aid those who feel like Economizing.
The terms of the sale are
The Usual Terms of our House:
1.—No Second or Altered Price—*One Fixed Price.*
2.—Cash from All, to warrant Low Prices.
3.—The Contract on our part to *Return Money* is a part of the bargain in each case (provided goods are returned unworn).
4.—A *Full Guarantee* given for each garment.
The Stock we offer is all *new*, and is not "*bought*" or "*wholesale*" stock, but our own
CAREFULLY MADE CLOTHING.
It will be remembered that our stock always embraces the Choicest Styles of Substantial Goods, and that every size and shape is provided for both Men and Boys. It will also be remembered that there is but one
OAK HALL
and that is at the Corner of
SIXTH—SIXTH—SIXTH
and MARKET Streets.
Hoping for a visit from each reader, and that our friends will pass this announcement to all their friends in the country,
We are very truly,
WANAMAKER & BROWN,
PHILADELPHIA.

For 1876.
A NEW
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
OF THE
MASON & HAMLIN
CABINET ORGANS
24 Quarto Pages.
Is now ready, with PRICE LIST, and very full information, presenting accurate drawings of these celebrated instruments, with detailed descriptions, including many new styles, with valuable improvements, new stops and elegant cases.
It is not questioned by disinterested judges that these are THE BEST OF ALL INSTRUMENTS OF THIS CLASS; unequaled, and, if judged critically, unapproached by others. Their fame is world-wide. They have ALWAYS obtained highest awards in American Industrial Expositions, and received FOUR FIRST MEDALS and DIPLOMA OF HONOR at the GREAT WORLD'S EXPOSITIONS in PARIS, 1867; VIENNA, 1873; and LINZ, Austria, 1875, being the only American organs which ever received any premium in competition with the best products of European making. The best musicians in Europe and America pronounce them unequaled.
Prices as low as consistent with best workmanship and material, and lower than those commonly demanded for very inferior instruments. Organs sold for cash or time payments, or rented until rent pays for them.
Every one thinking of buying an organ should at least see this new catalogue. It will be sent free and postpaid.
Address the
MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.,
154 Tremont St., Boston,
25 Union Square, New York,
80 and 82 Adams St., Chicago.

WATERS' CONCERTO PARLOR ORGANS

are the most beautiful in style and perfect in tone ever made. The CONCERTO STOP is the best ever placed in any Organ. It is produced by an extra set of reeds, peculiarly voiced, the EFFECT of which is MOST CHARMING and SOUL STIRRING, while its IMITATION of the HUMAN VOICE IS SUPERB. WATERS' NEW ORCHESTRAL, VESPER, GRAND and VIALESTE ORGANS, in Unique French Cases, combine PURITY of VOICING with great volume of tone; suitable for PARLOR or CHURCH.
WATERS' NEW SCALE PIANOS have great power and a fine singing tone, with all modern improvements, and are the BEST PIANOS MADE. These Organs and Pianos are warranted for six years. PRICES EXTREMELY LOW for cash or part cash and balance in monthly payments. Second-Hand Instruments at great bargains. Pianos and Organs to rent until paid for as per contract. AGENTS WANTED. Special inducements to the trade. A liberal discount to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Schools, Lodges, etc. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES MAILED.
HORACE WATERS & SONS,
481 Broadway, New York. P. O. Box 3567.
Fall Rivers & Neill,
General Agents,
1223 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

NEW BOOK FOR THE 1,000,000.
OUR WESTERN BORDER One Hundred Years Ago.
A Graphic History of the Heroic Epoch of American Border Life. Its thrilling conflicts of Red and White foes. Exciting Adventures, Captivities, Forays, Scouts, Pioneer women and boys. Indian war-paths, Camp life and Sports.—A book for Old and Young. Not a dull page. No competition. Enormous sales. Agents wanted everywhere. Circulars free. Address, J. C. McCURDY & CO., 26 S. Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED AGENTS for the best selling Prize Packages in the world. It contains 15 sheets paper, 15 Envelopes, Gold-pen Pen, Pen Holder, Pencil, Patent Yard Measure, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package, with elegant prize, postpaid, 25 cents. This package has been examined by the publishers of the Sat. Eve. Post, and found as represented, worth the money. Circular free.
BRIDE & CO., 769 Broadway, N. Y.

10 DECALCOMANIE, or TRANSFER PICTURES, with book of 32 pp., giving full instructions in this new and beautiful art, sent post-paid for 10 cts. 100 sheets pictures, 10 cts. They are Birds, Landscapes, Animals, Birds, Insects, Flowers, Autumn Leaves, Comic Figures, &c. They can be easily transferred to any article so as to imitate the most beautiful painting. Also, a beautiful GEM CHROMOS for 10 cts., 1 50 for 25 cts. Agents wanted. Address J. L. PATTEN & CO., 102 William Street, New York.

REVOLVERS SEVEN SHOT $3.00
New Buffalo Bill Revolver
Sent with 100 Cartridges for $3. Full Nickle Plate. Satisfaction guaranteed. *Illustrated Catalogue FREE.* WESTERN GUN WORKS, Chicago, Ill., 66 Dearborn st. (McCormick Block). P. O. Box 5407.

CANCER CURED without the knife or pain, by Prof. J. M. COMINS M.D., 346 L. Kingston av., N. Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

THE BOUDOIR.

Does it not seem odd to be fairly launched into the Centennial year; so long looked for, so eagerly anticipated? Nothing but Martha Washingtons, minuets, tea parties, and brocades. The interest and excitement daily deepening. The success attending the late receptions held by the fair patrons in aid of the Centennial, and the popularity of the stately "minuet," have increased the demand for toilettes appropriate; and in order to gratify many of our readers, we initiate this issue by descriptions of two costumes suitable for like occasions.

The first was an underskirt of dark blue brocade, short enough in front to display the high-heeled white satin slippers and the beautiful "clocks" upon the fine silk stockings. A long train of pale blue brocade, lined with yellow satin, is worn over the dark blue underskirt. This train is looped, and quite bouffant at the back and sides, and caught here and there by knots of mingled blue and yellow satin ribbon. The long waisted corsage has a low, square front, laced up with a yellow and blue silk cord, over a plastron or mock vest of yellow satin. An inside kerchief of finest, sheerest lawn, is worn, laid in soft folds, and fastened at the middle by a "breast knot," of which our poetical ancestors were wont to sing in terms of high-flown gallantry. The sleeves, half fitting, reaches the elbow, and a rich frill of old lace, falls over the arm. Long, loosely fitting gloves, of a cream tint; high rolled locks, well powdered, and a coquettish patch or two completes a bewitching toilette.

The next is of rose colored brocade and white satin. The under petticoat of the white satin, quilted in diamonds, and dotted with tiny bunches of rose-buds. The train of rose colored brocade is lined with the palest shade of sky blue—the thin silk known in old times as sarsenet. This train is attached to the underskirt at the sides by loops of rose colored and pale blue ribbon and a cluster of buds. The corsage is deeply pointed both back and front, and the square neck trimmed with a ruffle of old lace, while the inside kerchief is of the pale blue silk. Necklace of balls of yellow gold with pearl cross. A cluster of half open roses is placed high up on the lofty powdered puffs of hair, and a knot of pale blue ribbon attached. The great fan of white satin has ivory sticks, "picked out" in gold, and a watteau picture of dancing shepherds and shepherdesses on one side.

Let us now descend to a more modern age. We have seen some very pretty street costumes with the half loose basque, well lined and wadded, so as to preclude the necessity of an outer sacque.

One suit was of striped camel's hair cloth, the color brown, the stripes a darker brown. The underskirt had a deep flounce, gathered at the hip, and headed by a ruffle four inches deep, lined with dark brown silk, to match in color the dark stripe. Two bias folds of the silk, one inch wide, and set on three or four inches apart, were stitched on the flounce, the first six inches from the bottom. At the bottom was a knife pleated frill five inches deep, stitched on by machine, one inch from the top, the rest of the frill fell free. The overskirt was deep and round, open in front, trimmed with a three inch bias fold of the material, bound on each edge with brown silk. Rows of brown ribbon with long ends closed the front of the overskirt, and a deep, full pocket of silk, gathered near the top like an old-fashioned reticule, was placed high up on the right side, back of the hip. A small, plain cuirass basque of the dress material, piped with brown silk, was worn under a half loose sacque, which sloped down from the back to the front, and was trimmed with a bias fold similar to the one upon the overskirt. The fronts of this outer basque were closed only at the bust, falling away from thence, and disclosing the under cuirass, which had the appearance of a vest. A bow with long ends marked the fastening at the bust; a smaller bow was placed at the throat. A standing collar at the throat, lined with silk, ended in revers in front. Loose coat-sleeves, with double cuff, outlined by a narrow bias fold of silk. Hat of light brown felt, with wide revers front, and band of dark brown velvet arranged coronet fashion. Ostrich tips of pale and dark brown. Muff of brown silk, with double band on each end of brown ostrich feathers.

These muffs to match the costume are as marked a feature as are the large outside pockets. We have seen so many pretty ones of the former article, and with a little practice they are so easily made at home. One to accompany a black silk suit was made of silk and trimmed with bands of black cock's feathers. The suit was similarly trimmed

We must find space to describe a charming French hat. It was of a gray so pale as to be almost white. The broad revers in front had a covering of black velvet: A loose scarf of cream colored silk was placed in front and around under the rim. Cream colored ostrich tips curled over the crown, and a pale gray scarf encircled it. Low down on the left side hung a cluster of cream and scarlet carnations.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The fancy for the painted wooden jewelry has revived, and the holiday season has brought out many new and beautiful designs.

Charming slippers for morning wear are of bronze morocco, with a piece of blue or crimson satin let in on the upper part, and worked in white silk twist in chain stitch.

Knickerbocker goods in brown and black are very much used for suitings.

Some of the fancy combs have crystal balls set on the top, and a festoon of the same, connected with silver links, hanging over the back.

Braids intermingled with gold and silver bullion are all the rage, though we commend caution and a discriminating taste in using them, as too much of such glitter is apt to be vulgar.

Hats and bonnets are on the increase, and one writer on the styles hopes they will reach a proper maximum by the time the Centennial arrives.

Elastic corset laces are the newest; said to be very comfortable.

The sheer white and gray crepe lisse veils have almost entirely superseded the black lace ones.

Velvet and fine woolen goods are much used in combination abroad for costumes.

"Old" lace is being extensively manufactured abroad, to meet the demands for Centennial fashions, which just now pervade the American and European world; artificial coloring is used to give the proper tint.

Outside pockets are now a necessity, since the clinging skirts grow more and more affectionate.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We give directions this week for the making of a very pretty table cover in flannel applique, in different colors. Our model is of gray flannel, a warm gray, with bluish tints intermingled. Two yards of extra width flannel are required for the foundation. A yard of pale blue flannel, and three-quarters of a yard of bright clear scarlet flannel. An ounce of blue zephyr wool—the double variety, and one of scarlet; two ounces of gray wool. Six skeins of blue silk twist, the same amount of scarlet, also of gold colored silk. Cut the gray flannel into a circular form. Cut the edges into points, wide but not deep; bind these points with very narrow gray ribbon. Cut a bias of scarlet flannel, six inches deep, and have the edge pinked, one edge only, or else cut in small round points with a sharp pair of scissors, and bind with narrow scarlet ribbon. Lay it on flatly and evenly, fitting smoothly, and taking neat little gores out of the upper edge to make it lie flatly on the gray circular piece of flannel, about six inches from the edge, that is, allowing six inches of the gray flannel to show beneath the red. Stitch the upper edge of the latter down, leaving the lower edge free. Above this, and overlapping slightly the scarlet band, put a band—bias also—of the blue flannel, six inches deep, and wrought in scallops on the lower edge with the gold colored silk. The upper edge cut in deep, sharp points, fitting in nicely towards the centre of the cover, and smoothly stitched down with the gold colored silk. Directly in the centre of the gray cover, a square of the different colors is placed, divided into four triangular pieces—two scarlet, two blue, alternating, and the divisions marked by a line of gold colored silk, in stem stitch. If desired, a pattern of vine lives or palm leaves may be outlined on the blue applique piece, worked in chain stitch, in blue, gold color and scarlet silk. To finish, make tassels of blue, scarlet and gray zepher and put one between each point on the gray edge—one scarlet between two gray, and then a blue, then two more gray, then a scarlet, one gray, and a blue, then two gray. This will be found prettier than simply alternating. We commend this tasteful little article, for its simplicity, and good effect when completed.

We have been greatly encouraged by the many kind letters of approval of the articles described in "Our Work Table. We shall spare no endeavor to make it more and more attractive.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss M. E. J. (Waldoboro, Maine.)—Sent tassels and silk lining 16th of December.

Mrs. R. K. I.—Received your kind letter. Will inquire price for making the hair jewelry you desire; the charms will be $5.00.

Miss M. F.—Please do not send postage-stamps for money orders in sums over twenty-five cents—in fact, we would prefer not to have them sent, but for answers to letters. Nimon.

MEASURES.

"Oh, Gus, they say we're near a size;
Let's prove it now we've got the leisure.
Here at the glass, with your own eyes;
Stand close beside me now, to measure.

"You're much the taller, I declare:
I looked much taller with my feather;
I see the difference in our hair,
Now that our heads are near together."

"Yes, Kate, a shade; but, oh! how fine
Is yours—in fact you're all a treasure;
Your pretty mouth is less than mine,
But for the proof, now—let us measure."
—*New York Evening Post.*

WAS SHE FALSE?

BY A. M.

"She's as beautiful as Hebe!" said Mr. Mortimer.

"Indeed!" said his nephew's wife, rather faintly.

"Eyes deep blue, like midsummer sky—hair lustrous as flaxen gold—teeth like twin rows of pearls," pursued the middle-aged gentleman.

"She must be very pretty," said Mrs. Mortimer, junior.

"Pretty!" echoed the old bachelor. "Pretty's no word for it!"

"And young?"

"Well, not so very," admitted Mr. Mortimer. "She's five-and-thirty, but she has the complexion of eighteen."

"That's easily accounted for," said Harry, the nephew. "What with "Cream of Roses," "Baths of Pearls," and "Balms of Venus," people can have whatever complexion they please nowadays, provided they've got the money to pay for it."

"Nonsense," snapped out Mr. Mortimer, sittting up very straight, and looking around with a general air of defiance. "As if my Aurelia would condescend to such petty artifices as that! She's purity, frankness, single-minded artlessness itself!"

"Oh!" said Harry. "Is she?"

"Certainly she is," said the senior. "Do you think I could love a woman who was made up as an actress?"

"People do," said Harry, dubiously.

"But not people of my standard," retorted his uncle, loftily.

And Mrs. Harry thought remorsefully of the little china powder pot, with its downy puff, with which she used to "cool down" her complexion on hot days.

"Harry," said she, when Uncle Mortimer had taken his leave, "do you really think it's wrong to use a dab of powder in the hot weather?"

"Nonsense," said Harry, with an upward elevation of his handsome Grecian nose. "I daresay that desperate old maid that Uncle Mortimer is going to marry is painted like a Jezebel."

"Oh, Harry."

"Sims says so. And Sims knows her—Miss Aurelia Hopkins, that's her name. And she's wagered a diamond bracelet with one of her friends that she will be married to the rich old bachelor before Christmas. I wonder what sort of a wife that'll be for Uncle Morty!"

"But, Harry, why don't you tell him?" cried the little wife.

"Because, my dear, he's too far gone to believe a word of it."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Mortimer. "And of course he'll withdraw your little allowance now."

"Of course," admitted her husband, with a grimace.

"It's too bad," sighed Mrs. Mortimer. "Just when you've lost your situation, and when you must be looking out for something else to do, things always go contrary, don't they, Harry?"

"Don't fret, my pet," said Harry Mortimer, caressingly stroking the golden head that bent so low. "It'll all be right if Uncle Morty should get married. I'll find something to do if it's nothing better than sawing wood or hauling in coal!"

But as he went out gaily whistling, to keep up a brave exterior, he did wish, most earnestly, in his secret heart, that Miss Aurelia Hopkins hadn't seen fit to cast her siren spells over the heart of the rich bachelor uncle, whose heir-apparent he had always been.

"If I believed honestly and truly that she would make him happy," thought Harry, "I wouldn't grudge his money to her. But I don't believe anything of the sort."

Little Effie had the toothache next day. Mrs. Mortimer clasped her hands in despair.

"Oh, Harry," she said to her husband, "I'm afraid she'll have to have that tooth out!"

"Very well," said Harry. "Take her to the dentist's."

"Oh, Harry, I daren't!" faltered the little woman, who could not endure to see a fly killed or a mouse drowned.

"Then, I will," said Harry, laughing.

The dentist was engaged just at the moment of their entrance, but would be at liberty presently.

Little Effie sat down, quaking and trembling, in an easy-chair.

"Oh, papa," faltered she, "I wish there wasn't any such thing as teeth."

Mr. Mortimer, taking up a newspaper at that moment, chanced to knock a little pasteboard box off the mantel—a pasteboard box neatly cinctured with a ring of india-rubber.

"Hullo!" said Mr. Mortimer. "What's this? I hope I havn't done any harm. 'Miss Aurelia Hopkins!'" he repeated, reading a pencil inscription on the lid.

"Yes," said the dentist, hurrying to the rescue—"Miss Hopkin's new set. Ought to have been sent yesterday."

"New set?" vaguely repeated Harry. "Set of what?"

"Of teeth, to be sure, uppers and lowers," said the dentist. "Ah, you may look surprised, but I make teeth for some of our very best society. And if you yourself should ever require——Yes, yes; I'm coming, sir."

And the man of molars hurried back to his inner sanctum.

When little Effie's malignant tooth was safely drawn, and Harry Mortimer had paid, he paused a minute on the threshold.

"Ah, by the way," said he, "I'm going directly past Miss Hopkin's house—you're probably aware that she's to be married to my uncle next month—and if it would be any accommodation to you I could leave those teeth for her."

"Much obliged, I'm sure," said the dentist. "If you would take the trouble. I've only one errand-boy, and he is so unreliable and forgetful that I sometimes scarcely know which way to turn—much obliged. Here they are, sir."

So Mr. Harry Mortimer strode off, chuckling to himself, with Miss Aurelia Hopkin's false teeth in his hand.

He glanced at his watch. It was just about the hour when his infatuated elderly relative was accustomed to leave boquets, books, etc., at the door of his inamorata.

"If I could only catch him," thought Harry. And, as if sent by some kindly fate in answer to his inward application, Uncle Mortimer came briskly trotting around the corner at that very second:

He did not see his nephew. How should he, when he had no eyes for anything but the front parlor window at which the fair Aurelia was smiling a sugar-sweet welcome?

But Henry beckoned to a boy who was flattening his nose in front of a confectionery store, and whispered a message in his ear, accompanying it by a fee.

"Yes, sir!" said the boy, and darted across the street like an arrow from a bow.

"If you please, sir," said he, boldly, addressing the astonished old bachelor, just as he had mounted the second stone step of the flight. "I'm from Bidcome's, the dentist, with Miss Hopkin's teeth."

"Miss Hopkins' what?" demanded the astounded bachelor.

"Teeth, sir," bawled the boy; and as the elderly gentleman yet recoiled from the little pasteboard box, he sprang nimbly up the steps and pulled the bell.

"Miss Hopkins' teeth!" said he, thrusting the parcel into the hand of a blue-ribboned maid-servant.

"Mary Ann," said Mr. Mortimer, addressing the maid in accents of solemn adjuration, "tell me the truth. Does your mistress wear false teeth?"

"Lawks!" tittered Mary Ann.

"Answer me, Mary Ann!"

But Mary Ann, with a second giggle, endeavored to escape; but Mr. Mortimer made a grasp at the box. Mary Ann, leal and loyal to her mistress's interest, resisted, and the upshot of the matter was that the little box came in two, and—out rolled the grinning set of "uppers and lowers"—an undeniable ivory fact.

Mr. Mortimer jumped back. Mary Ann uttered an eldritch shriek, and Mr. Harry Mortimer, who had watched the tableau from the other side of the street, knew that it was time for him to beat a retreat, and beat it accordingly.

Uncle Mortimer came to his nephew's house that evening.

"Harry, my boy," said he, "it's all over—my wedding, I mean. It's up!"

"Is it?" said sympathetic Harry.

"Don't allude to the subject again," said Mr. Mortimer. "She's treacherous! I have been deceived all through. I daresay the rest of her is as false as her—but no matter! I am disenchanted at last. I have bidden her an eternal adieu!"

After all this, it is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Bidcombe is no longer Miss Aurelia Hopkins' dentist,

And the diamond bracelet has been hopelessly lost.

A PEEP INTO THE LOCOMOTIVE WORKS.

It is only about fifty years since the first locomotive puffed along the first railway, dragging the first clumsy passenger-car. During each of those fifty years more than two thousand miles of rails have been laid, and in England and United States every day of those fifty years has seen the completion of one locomotive and two passenger-cars. Immense workshops are kept busy building locomotives and cars. They are generally near the principal depots of the great railroad lines, and I know of no more interesting place where one can spend a part of his day in the depot.

Each and every part of a locomotive must be made with the greatest precision and delicacy, and great machines are employed for hammering and planing the iron into shape. You will find in these railway works, as the English say, or "locomotive works," as they are called in America, immense machines, possessing almost resistless power, yet driving only a little steel-pointed instrument like a chisel not bigger than one's little finger. It seems almost a waste of power to use such a giant to drive so slight a tool. But this delicate chisel digs its way little by little through the hardest of cold iron or steel, and planes it as smooth as ever the carpenter's plane trims wood, and it produces, too, shavings of iron as delicate as those of soft pine. Little shears, hardly bigger than a tailor's, cut through iron as easily as through paper; and delicate steel punches drive their way through iron plates. In most of these works you will see also the Nasmyth steam-hammer, a mighty giant in power, but as docile as a lamb under the touch of a master hand. It is an immense shaft of iron, sliding up and down in a great wooden frame, and regulated in its movements so that it can strike a hard or soft, a quick or slow blow, as the engineer who directs it may wish. A heated shaft of iron a foot thick can be crushed, or a tack may be driven, by its blows.

About twenty years ago, the Prime Minister of England, Lord John Russell, visiting the railway works at Manchester, was invited to eat a boiled egg for luncheon. Before giving him the egg, the master of the works put it in a small wine-glass and placed both under the great steam-hammer. The engineer set the giant at work; down rushed the shaft with the rapidity of a lightning flash, and struck the egg, but so perfectly was the hammer regulated that the blow merely chipped the shell, crushing neither glass nor egg.

—*St. Nicholas for December.*

AN ANECDOTE OF VICE PRESIDENT WILSON.

Anecdotes of the late Vice President are multiplying on every hand. One illustrative of his well-known kindness to soldiers comes from Michigan. A correspondent of the Detroit *News* writes that in the winter of 1862-3 there was great suffering in a camp of 13,000 convalescents near Alexandria, Va. In response to a petition to President Lincoln, a quiet-faced man visited the camp and examined its condition, bringing with him two ambulances loaded with blankets and provisions. The writer adds: "The quiet-faced man had been making a memorandum of some of the worst cases and was just departing, when a weak voice inquired for postage stamps. 'God bless you, yes,' said our quiet gentleman, 'here's a few and money to buy more.' A thought seemed to strike him. Producing his wallet, he placed in the hands of the sergeant in charge of each division a crisp new $50 bill, 'for postage stamps, remember,' and turning to his gratified audience, he added, in his cheery way, 'Will be here again, boys, Monday, and will have a different state of things.' Monday came, and with it the quiet-faced man and a board of surgeons with orders to discharge or furlough every man who was not ready for immediate active duty. New barracks were built, and camp 'Misery Hill' ceased to exist. The quiet-faced man was Henry Wilson."

Have the courage to laugh at your personal defects, and the world will be deprived of the pleasure of being reminded of their own.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA—MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

The University of Pennsylvania, with its cluster of beautiful buildings, forms a most conspicuous object in West Philadelphia. The main University building, rising from Academical Hall, of which we gave an illustration a few weeks ago, presents to the eye a splendid specimen of modern collegiate Gothic architecture. It is the front of what is intended to be a complete square of Gothic structures devoted to various uses, all in connection with the University.

The Medical Department, which we give an illustration of in this page, is situated on one side of this square, facing Thirty-sixth street, between Spruce and Locust streets; and while it has distinctive architectural features of its own, it follows the main structure in general style. The edifice is larger and more commodious, as well as more elegant, than any other building in America devoted to a similar purpose. The arrangements for the convenient accommodation and instruction of students have been carried out in accordance with plans based upon long experience.

In the basement are the laboratories; on the first floor, two large lecture rooms; on the second a general museum and an amphitheatre for six hundred students; and on the third, rooms for the study of operative surgery and dissection. The Lecture and Dissecting Rooms; the Museum and Cabinet, including the Wistar and Horner Museum, founded nearly one hundred years ago, and which is unequalled for the number and variety of its specimens of the normal and morbid anatomy of every part of the human body; the Chemical and Physical Apparatus, the most extensive private collection in the country; the Library, containing upwards of three thousand medical works, accessible to advanced students and graduates under appropriate regulations; and numerous other departments are all so constructed as to excel all previous accommodation for a medical school.

These advantages have been fully recognized and appreciated by the Faculty and by the students during the last session, as well as the quietness, the absence of excitement, and the pure air of the locality, which so greatly tend to promote industrious habits, to render study profitable, and to preserve the health, all of which objects it was impossible to secure in an equal degree while the school remained in the centre of the city. The immediate neighborhood of the University to its own hospital and the Philadelphia Hospital, at both of which the Clinical Instruction of the students is chiefly given, forms another and quite peculiar advantage of this Institution.

Next week we shall describe the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The stereotyping process by which the rapid printing of newspapers is effected consists in laying on the face of the type a mould consisting of six or seven sheets of fine tissue paper, gummed together and moistened, the outside being of a stouter paper. The whole is then struck regularly and carefully with a large, flat brush of hard bristles, until the moistened paper has received the impression of the type beneath. The mould is then dried on a hot iron table, a blanket being laid over it to absorb the moisture, and screwed down moderately tight to prevent it from warping. When fully dried, which it becomes in a very few minutes, it is then ready for the stereotype casting. This is done in an ingeniously contrived mould, by which the size and thickness of the plate, whatever they may be, are regulated. Thus a curved plate is obtained, which, after undergoing a certain amount of trimming by two machines specially made for the purpose—one for squaring the plate, and the other for planing the back—can be ready for press and set to work within twenty-five minutes of the time at which the process began.

Dr. Ultzmann, teacher at the University of Vienna, lately read a paper before the Medical Society of Lower Austria on the "Use of Photography in Medical Studies." He mentions, on the authority of Dr. Vogel, that an eruption of small-pox had been made evident by photography twenty-four hours before it actually came out. Although no one could as yet observe anything on the skin of the patient, the negative plate showed stains on the face, which perfectly resembled the variolous exanthem, and twenty-four hours afterwards the eruption became clearly evident.

A bas-relief at Thebes, commemorative of a naval victory gained by the Egyptians over the Indians about 1400 B. C., represents each Egyptian vessel with a ram projecting from its prow, in the form of a lion's head. From that time up to the battle of Lepanto—a period of three thousand years—ramming was resorted to everywhere on the high seas, as the most effective method of destroying an enemy, victory, as a rule, always inclining to that nation whose ships were the swiftest and the most "handy in turning."

Sand Drift.—A progressive sand-wave, which gradually overwhelms fields and villages in its course, is described in the recent reports of the great Trigonometrical Survey of India. It consists of a group of red sand-hills in the Tinnevelli district of the province of Madras, in Southern India. These sand-hills are being gradually driven from W.N.W. to E.S.E., that being the direction of the prevailing winds in the region where they are situated. A comparison between surveyors' marks fixed at various times since the year 1868 shows that the whole mass of hills is moving E.S.E. at the rate of about fifty-one feet a year. Efforts to arrest the drift, by planting trees, grass, and creepers, have as yet proved unavailing.

From abroad we learn that the St. Gothard tunnel, according to latest reports, has been bored on the side of Switzerland to the depth of 2,500 meters, and on the side of Italy 2,000 meters, leaving 10,500 meters yet to be penetrated. At the present rate of progress, the work will probably be finished about the year 1880.

What's in a Snow-Flake.—The *Chemical Review* states that in a drop of water obtained from a single snow-flake and magnified five hundred times, were found pieces of coal, fragments of cloth, grains of starch, sandy matter, and an immense variety of other substances, not a fragment of which exceeded in diameter the three-thousandth part of an inch.

POSTSCRIPTS.

When Queen Victoria is at Windsor she occupies one hour every Sunday evening in giving religious instruction to the children connected with the castle.

Next time you're in Berlin and want to go to the opera, just casually tell the hackman to drive you around to the Friedrichwilhelmstadtisches. He'll know all about it.

In Vienna the street cars are under the control of government officials, and any passenger unprovided with a ticket has to pay double fare. If he refuses he is arrested and fined.

The "newest" in engagement rings is a broad, corrugated band of rich, yellow gold, with the solitaire set up high in knife-edge setting, with a fine ring of black or blue enamel encircling it.

There are enrolled in the United States about 8,000,000 school children. The average daily attendance is only 4,500,000. The Commissioner of Education gives the expenditure for 1874 for schools as $74,000,000.

It was a diplomatic husband who protested to his wife: "My dear, if it doesn't make any difference to you, don't say 'brute' and 'doll!' Use terms milder, if not less incisive. If I must have curtain lectures, let them at least be damask curtain ones."

"Blankets" of brown paper of a superior quality, perforated in such a manner as to permit a free passage to the exhalations of the body without diminishing the warmth, are advertised in London at prices ranging from fourpence to sixpence each.

The frogs are going down into nine feet of water this fall, and are lining their nests with cotton batting, and laying in twice the usual amount of coal. You can look out for a winter which will bend shade trees double and freeze the life out of hitching-posts.

Ladies, you may friz your hair, do it up high, let it down low, have it hanging on your backs, "scrambled" over your foreheads, "banged" into your eyes, puffed up at the sides, worn waterfall style, tied up in a doughnut, or any other way you may please, and it will be all right—for Fashion says so.

The correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from Bombay, states that the Guikwar of Baroda's Highlanders are dressed in correct Highland costume in every respect save one. As black knees would not harmonize with a tartan kilt, they have encased their legs in pink tights! The effect is ludicrous.

Some antiquarian searcher has discovered a tombstone in the cemetery of Cheshire, Conn., on which is this inscription: "Here lies ye Body of Doct. Isaac Bartholomew, he died August ye 25, 1710, in the XL year of his Age. he that was sweet to my Repose Now is become a Stink under my Nose, this is Said of me, So it will be Said of thee."

In comparing the old times with the new, Rev. J. C. Snow, of Portland, related how his mother, many years since, had a tooth pulled, and, for want of money, paid the doctor in eggs. To settle the bill, at the present price of eggs, would have required about two dozen, but at that time, when eggs were three cents a dozen, the hens had to co-operate to the extent of seventeen dozen eggs.

Among curious customs and superstitions noted in an article in Blackwood on the "Legends and Folk-lore of North Wales," there is one the singularity of which is heightened by the statement that it still survives in North and South Wales and the border. At a funeral, "a hireling who lives by such services has handed over to him a loaf of bread, a maple bowl full of beer and milk, and a sixpence, in consideration of which he takes upon him all the sins of the defunct, and frees him or her from walking after death." The scape-goat is currently called a "Sin-eater."

Heating Railway Cars.—What should we think of traveling in mid-winter—say from San Francisco to New York—in a car that was not heated? A question long since settled in this country, has yet to be solved in France and England. This from a foreign journal: Several of the railway companies in France have just come to an agreement to warm the compartments for *dames seules* during the winter. Might they not go farther, and warm all the first-class departments? nay, why should they not warm all the carriages? It surely could be done by hot water pipes. And why should not the same sort of thing be done at home? A long railway journey on a cold day is a very serious thing, and has frequently caused illness, and sometimes death. In exceptional cases, foot-warmers are to be found in first-class compartments; but why should not the carriages in all departments be warmed?

CORRESPONDENCE.

Declined with Thanks.—Alice Chester—a Love Story. Aunt Lillie's Story. Cutting my Finger Nails. The Wayside. A Life for an Eye. A Woman's Dream. Farmer Brown's Story. A Christmas Tree. "Oh! Try and be Content."

Ethel May.—The subscription to the "Southern Musical Journal" is $1,25; it is published in Savannah, Georgia.

E. C.—"*Renaissance*" is a term applied to the revival of the classic style of art at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

L. L. S. (Tipton)—The type in which the Story "One Life's Mystery," and in fact all the Stories in the Post is printed is call "Brevier." The smaller type, used in this column for instance, is "Nonpareil."

Grace Darlingford.—We do not disclose the real names of any of our Contributors who may prefer to write for us under a *nom de plume*, so must decline satisfying your curiosity. We hope to publish a story soon by the author you refer to.

Paris.—1. We agree with your parents in advising you to wait awhile before making a change; you might jump out of the frying-pan into the fire, or, in other words, be worse off than you now are. 2. The letters MSS. stand for the word manuscripts.

Clara.—The following is the whole of the quotation. It is from Sir Walter Scott's poem "The Lord of the Isles," Canto V. Stanza 18:

"Oh, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken."

Grip.—"What is the meaning of the following Latin phrase I met with the other day in a book I was reading: 'Qui, nescit dissimulare, nescit vivere'?" The meaning is, "He who knows not how to dissemble knows not how to live," that is, the man is little fitted for society who has not the faculty, on particular occasions, of concealing his feelings, and dissembling for the moment his resentment.

Anxious Inquirers.—We regret that in order to comply with your request we should have to break one of our standing rules, and one which we consider one of the most important, and that is to touch upon no subject that cannot be discussed without offending the religious or political sentiments of any of our readers. You will therefore see the necessity of our declining to comply with your request.

Lizzie G.—Your letter has escaped our attention, for which we must apologize. The letters MS or MSS. stand for manuscripts, being an abbreviation generally in use. 2. About four or five dollars, if accepted. 3. A decision is arrived at in about a week, and if the writer's address is given with stamp enclosed, he or she is notified as to the result at once. 4. The name of "fool's cap" was given from the water mark of a *fool's cap* used anciently by paper makers. There is no story in connection with this that we are aware of.

Alfred.—To accomplish the seemingly incredible act of putting an egg in a phial, requires the following preparation: You must take an egg and soak it in vinegar, and, in process of time, its shell will become quite soft, so that it may be extended lengthwise without breaking; then insert it into the neck of a small bottle, and, by pouring cold water upon it, it will resume its former figure and hardness. This is really a complete curiosity, and baffles those who are not in the secret to find out how it is accomplished.

Inquirer.—1. Julius Cæsar (46 B. C.) reformed the calendar, and this system was used by all Christian nations until 1582, when it was reformed to the present state of perfection by Pope Gregory XIII. This style was adopted in England in 1752. The "Julian Period" is a cycle of 7,980 years, invented by Scaliger, and dates from 4,713 B.C. 2. The "Cycle of the Sun," or Solar Cycle, is a period of 28 years, after which the days of the week recur upon exactly the same days of the year. The "Cycle of the Moon" is a period of 19 solar years, after which the new and full moon fall on the same days of the year as they did 19 years before.

J. R. Eastwood.—Do not be discouraged if, in the outset of your career, things are not going as smoothly as you would wish. Don't be discouraged if occasionally you slip down by the way, and your neighbor treads over you a little. Don't let a failure or two dishearten you. It seldom or ever happens that the hopes we cherish for the future are realized. The path of life may appear smooth and level; but when we come to travel it, we find it all up hill, and generally rough enough. The best way is for us to go steadily forward, as cheerfully as possible, consulting rather our own conscience than the opinion of men, though the latter is by no manner of means to be disregarded.

J. H. T.—"You advertised some time ago a recipe for the cure of drunkenness. A friend of mine tried it, but it did not answer, perhaps from his own fault for not giving it a proper trial. Can you tell me of any simple method of overcoming a love of strong drink?" We read some time ago that at a temperance meeting it was stated by a gentleman that he had cured a great many obstinate cases by a very simple remedy, which he had never known to fail. This was making the person who was addicted to drink, eat an orange every morning half an hour before breakfast. The effect of this simple remedy was that after a few days the liquor became repulsive, and he completely lost all taste or desire for what he before had such a craving for.

Curious.—The minuet is a very graceful dance, and originally came from Poitou, in France. The music is in 3-4 time, and is performed very slowly. The first minuet is said to have been composed by Lully the elder, and was danced by Louis XIV, in 1653 at Versailles. The *minuet de la Cour*, which was what you saw danced at the Academy of Music, in this city, at the recent Martha Washington receptions, is the same as what used to be danced in the old Revolutionary days. There are five different minuet steps, one to the right, two to the left, and one forward; and one forward and turn round. All minuet steps begin with the right foot, and occupy two bars; they are composed of one *demi-coupe*, which occupies one bar, and one *pas de bourre* which occupies the other bar.

Victim.—You ask us what is the legal charge which pawnbrokers can make on pledges in Philadelphia, and how long a time must articles remain with them before they can sell them. During the last fifteen years there have been various ordinances passed by City Councils on the subject of pawnbrokers' charges on pledges. As the law at present stands, pawnbrokers may legally charge on pledges one-half of one per cent. a month for interest, and five per cent. a month for storage and all other expenses, making in all five and a half per cent. a month. They have no right to charge any more, and it is the duty of every pawnbroker to have a printed copy of the ordinances authorizing these charges placed conspicuously in his shop. Dry goods and clothing cannot be sold under four months, and all other articles are required to be kept eight months before being sold.

K. E. C.—"Can you explain to me what makes some kinds of water *hard*, and others *soft*, and how hard water may be made soft?" Carbonate of lime, though insoluble in pure water, is slightly soluble in water which is already charged with carbonic acid; and, as all rain water brings down carbonic acid from the air, it is capable of taking up carbonate of lime from the soils and rocks through which it filters, and it thus happens that all springs and rivers that rise in localities in which there is any kind of calcareous rocks become more or less charged with carbonate of lime kept in solution by an excess of carbonic acid. This is what gives the peculiar character to water which is known as "hardness;" and a water hard enough to curdle soap may be converted into a very "soft" water by the simple addition of lime-water, which, by combining with the excess of carbonic acid, causes the precipitation of all the lime in solution in the form of insoluble carbonate, which gradually settles to the bottom, leaving the water clear.

M. D. W.—"What is dynamite, which caused the late fearful explosion and loss of life at Bremerhaven? Is it the same as nitro-glycerine?" No; dynamite is simply pulverized silex, saturated with nitro-glycerine. A cheap substitute for the silex is a deposit of infusorial earth, found in some parts of Germany, and which answers every purpose of the artificially prepared material. The saturated mass has the appearance of a damp, grayish sugar. If carelessly prepared, the nitro-glycerine settles, or collects in drops, and is then dangerously explosive. Dynamite is the result of various experiments that have been made of late years to make so-called perfectly safe explosive preparations, but it is evident that none of them can be trusted implicitly. There is no such thing as a safe explosive. The most nearly safe, under certain conditions, not yet clearly understood, may be insidiously, by the operation of the laws of chemistry, transformed into exceedingly dangerous and explosive elements.

Miscellaneous.—F. G. M.—Such a question can only be answered by some one who is personally acquainted with you both. L. M. J.—Do so; otherwise what sort of forgiveness do you expect when you say "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." F. J. M.—You should by all means obtain your parents' sanction before the affair proceeds any further. Annie.—It is a subject that ladies ought to understand better than gentlemen. A. D. D.—As the acquaintance has been very short, you had better defer it for a little while longer. W. W.—The recipe is a good one; we cannot tell the reason why you have not succeeded.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*